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The reader is impressed by the stupendous character of the undertaking, and with the clear and systematic way in which the scheme has been executed. The first, not, perhaps, the most important of the series, was mainly devoted to an account of social conditions in East and Central London. The classification of the people brought out the terrible evils of overcrowding, and with map and diagram fixed the crime centres of the capital. In this respect Mr. Booth's work has been of incalculable service. Besides locating the plague spots, it showed the places and the classes where the pinch of poverty was most severely felt. Vol. II. began a special study of the Metropolis street by street, trade by trade, class by class. A special feature of the third volume was a record of the movements of the people—the influx from the country, the efflux to the suburbs. There was also a classification of children and schools, and a description of life in model dwellings. In this and in other volumes Mr. Booth adopted certain guiding standards; he held that a family who earned less than 21s. a week were living in poverty, and that people who were housed to the extent of more than two per room were overcrowded. A detailed analysis of the trades and occupations of the people was begun in the fourth volume. Tailoring, boot-making, furniture-making, and every other industry was taken in turn. The condition of the workers was laid bare—their ages, their wages, their customs and societies described. This went on with a multiplicity of details until the eighth volume was reached, when the public services and professional classes were brought under review. This section was necessarily less complete. There was greater difficulty in getting data as the inquirers carried their investigations into higher social conditions. This takes us to the present volume—the last of the present series, although not the finish of Mr. Booth's colossal undertaking. One chapter deals with the relation of poverty to overcrowding, and of overcrowding to earnings. The costers and general labourers are the most overcrowded. Milk-sellers are the worst paid class, 78 per cent. of them receiving less than 25s. per week.

One of the most surprising chapters deals with the proportion of people born in and out of London. Just one half of the heads of families are born in London, and the grocers just hit this average. The greatest proportion of Londoners are found among the bookbinders—no doubt a hereditary trade

—who show 81 per cent. of natives. Next come the paper-making industry, brush-making—an ancient London industry—and lightermen, the great majority of whom are London born. The classes who contain a majority of Londoners include glass and earthenware workers, coopers, shop-keepers, printers, costers, dock-labourers, soap and candle-makers, leather-dressers, booksellers, hatters, carmen, boot and shoe-makers, and general labourers. Roughly speaking, one might say the greatest number of Londoners are found in the least skilled occupations and the easily learned trades. To a large extent they are the hewers of wood and drawers of water to the dominating "alien" element. The Londoner has to import his teachers, his ministers, his scientists, writers, doctors, and architects. The intellectual life of the capital is in the hands of people born "outside." Under the head of religion the percentage of the "born in London" is 27; under education, literature, and science the London born are 35 per cent.; the doctors show 37 per cent. of Londoners; the architects 40 per cent.; those engaged in art and amusement 49 per cent. Again, Londoners have to go "outside" for people to control them. All but 17 per cent. of the police are from "outside," the railway service is mainly in the hands of outsiders. Only 12 per cent. of the men of the Army and Navy living in London are of London. A majority of those engaged in civil and municipal service are from outside; the same is the case in regard to gaswork service, municipal labour, cab and omnibus service. In trades where physical ability is required, such as the masons and blacksmiths, Londoners are outnumbered. It would be interesting to trace the degeneration of Londoners, for it is obvious that if they were a vigorous race there would not be room for the preponderance of uitlanders. There is no doubt that the productivity of the town dweller is decreased and his vitality lowered, but the case of the Londoner is not quite so bad as Mr. Booth's figures indicate, for his book does not deal with the whole of the London people. There are two hundred thousand people in West Ham, a hundred thousand in Tottenham, many thousands in Enfield, Edmonton, Waltham-stow, and other working men's colonies in the suburbs who are not covered by his statistics. They form part of London's great labour army, although not, according to the census, of its population.

This last volume contains chapters on the industrial characteristics of the capital, on trade unions, and on the fluctuations of trades, and it ends with a concluding survey which calls for some comment. The least satisfactory portion of the book is the concluding commentary. Mr. Booth's suggestions as to industrial remedies are far from conclusive. He has left statistics to fall into platitude. After volumes of searching analyses, clearly expressed statements of facts, we come across such meaningless commonplaces and generalisations as these:

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usually benefited in proportion; and similarly, when they are paid very little, or are unable to earn anything at all, it is at least probable that what they contribute to the world is no less significant";

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"beneficial regularity may be defined as that which combines social well-being with economic efficiency."

We are also told that "irregularity of employment" has its advantages as it "strengthens character under stress," and has a "direct effect on enterprise." We always thought that irregularity had a demoralising influence on the individual. One need not be disappointed at this lame ending, for Mr. Booth does not intend these tentative criticisms to be taken seriously. They do not represent his final judgment; they are not his review of reform forces or his own final suggestions. His great work is not yet finished; only a section of it—complete in itself—is disposed of. He has three other volumes in hand, in which he will deal with difficult and contentious subjects, such as drink and early marriages, the organisation of charity and the work of religious bodies. In these we may expect a more definite answer to the question, "What is the good of it all?" In the meantime no student of social conditions can afford to neglect Mr. Booth's great statistical and analytical encyclopædia on the life and labour of London.

#### THE FIRST MODERN SCHOOL-MASTER.

*Vittorino da Feltre, and other Humanist Educators.* By W. H. Woodward. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THIS timely and considerable contribution to our knowledge of mediæval education throws much light upon a comparatively unexplored region in the history of the Classical Revival in Italy. As its title indicates, Mr. Woodward's book deals mainly with Vittorino, but English versions of writings by other educators of the period have been added, and the whole is closed by a summary account of the aims and practice of the leading Humanist teachers of the *quattrocento*. The first part of the volume is devoted to Vittorino and his school—"the first great school of the Renaissance." If there were anything new under the sun, we might, perhaps, expect to discover it in the latest developments of public school management in our own land. Yet in this *Ginnasio* at Mantua we find in full swing many an enlightened method and many a cunning device such as are generally believed to be inventions of the last half-century. We find entrance scholarships carrying a portion of the fees; we find free scholarships subject to a poverty-test that really worked; we find that evasion of duty known as the superannuation system; we find a solution of the preparatory school question to an extent which enabled children of five and men of twenty-five to work together in the same establishment; we find playgrounds regarded as essential;

we find organised and compulsory games that reach their climax of vigour and ferocity in football. Verily, we may determine with Mr. Woodward that "the founder of the Mantuan school was the first modern schoolmaster." The origin of that time-honoured and well-hated institution, "rep," is perhaps to be seen in the previously dictated "recitations," which necessarily occupied a large portion of the time-table in an age when books were scarce and costly, and most of the teaching was perforce oral. The contemptuous attitude adopted towards the vernacular Italian, which apparently was considered unworthy of a place in serious education, resembles the supercilious neglect of English in our own old classical schools. But with a difference: in the former case there was a better excuse. In Italy, on the one hand, Latin had never ceased to have a life as the language of the learned, and about it, moreover, remained the glamour of the might of ancient Rome; while, on the other hand, *la lingua volgare* was still more or less in the dialectal stage, and had not yet worked its way out into a generally accepted literary vehicle. Guarino and Vittorino would no more have thought of reading Dante in their schools than Busby would have thought of teaching Shakespeare at Westminster. Indeed, as Frederick Schlegel said, it is likely that the fifteenth century scholars wished to supplant altogether the vulgar tongue and to re-establish classical Latin as the common speech. The authors studied in form were much the same as those in vogue to-day; with the addition of some that have gone out of fashion. Among the latter were Valerius Maximus, Justin, Quintus Curtius, Florus, Seneca (*Tragedies*), Pliny the Elder, Solinus, and Pomponius Mela; conversely, Tacitus, who as yet was hardly known, and whose style was regarded as doubtful, is never mentioned. In Greek Apollonius Rhodius was included in the list of school-books, but not Æschylus and not Thucydides. With respect to Vittorino's conception of the aim of education, while holding letters to be a necessary preliminary to professional training, "his ideal was the patriotic and the well-equipped citizen rather than the self-contained scholar." Vittorino himself wrote nothing: it was quite enough for him to be a schoolmaster. One touch of nature makes all house-masters kin; and to the serious state of mind induced by perusing some seventy of Mr. Woodward's pages in laud of his hero, it came as a pleasing relief to learn that even he was human, that even he had his difficulties with his matrons. Of one of them he writes: "I can stand her no longer, nor would I if I could." "No characteristic," writes Mr. Woodward, "is more noteworthy in the true Humanist teacher than his persistent attitude of a student." What percentage of English schoolmasters realises the fact that when a man ceases to learn he ceases to be able to teach? Of the small percentage that does grasp this truth, what proportion acts upon it?

To turn to the second section of the book, Vergerius in his treatise *De Ingeniis Moribus* (circa 1393) makes several points that appeal

to us at the present time. Among other things he maintains that "the education of children is a matter of more than private interest; it concerns the State, which, indeed, regards the right training of the young as, in certain aspects, within its proper sphere. I would wish to see this responsibility extended." Already in those early days the pedagogue suffered under the widowed mother: "One source of danger lies in the weak indulgence of parents, and this is often seen the more conspicuously when the father's stronger hand has been taken away." Against another enemy to education, the dame's school of the decayed gentlewoman, we have a note of warning—"we should be careful to go to the best teachers even for the rudiments." Vergerius was not of opinion that "anyone can teach little boys." The tractate of Lionardo D'Arezzo (circa 1405) is "the earliest Humanist essay on education expressly dedicated to a lady." In it we have a reminder of the opposition which, as Reumont points out, was offered by the Dominicans to the "paganism" of the New Learning, for it opens with a counter-denunciation of "that vulgar threadbare jargon which satisfies those who devote themselves to theology." It goes on to lay down the unimpeachable law that "the foundations of all true learning must be laid in the sound and thorough knowledge of Latin." Next follows the *De Liberorum Educatione*, written in 1450 by the illustrious Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards pope as Pius II. This discourse is largely based on Quintilian. We may commend to the attention both of parents and of governing bodies of schools his remark that "so important a matter, even in the earliest stages of education, is the choice of teachers, that we stand amazed at the carelessness which is daily exhibited in their selection." He cites Socrates and Plutarch on the propriety of visiting the negligence of the pupil upon the head of the master. A school in which the headmaster had the power of inflicting corporal punishment on the members of the staff would doubtless become a very perfect machine. High, however, as are the matters of which he treats, the unwitting writer now and again yields us an opportunity for a passing smile. As when he indicates his conception of the summit of hardihood—"a boy should so discipline his appetite that he may eat even beef." Or when he insists that "in speaking Latin, barbarisms of all kinds need to be avoided with great care," and on the same page perpetrates the decidedly useful but decidedly canine *monotone*. Or when he gallantly displays his indignation at the flippant guess which derived *celebs* from *celum*, as being the heavenly state of "one who is free from the heaviest burden of existence—i.e., a wife." Like his brother Humanists, he has a fling at *mumpsimus*: he warns his pupil that in the study of classical Latin he "will be confronted by the opposition of the shallow Churchman." It is impossible to refrain from comparing with this Colet's charge in the statutes of St. Paul's School:

"All *Barbary*, all corruption, all Latens adulterate which ignorant blinde foles brought into this worlde, and with the same hath dystained and poysonyd the olde Latens speche, and the veray



Romayne tonge. . . I saye that fylthiness and all suche abusion whiche the later blynde worlde brought in, whiche more rather may be called *Blotterature* then *Litterature*, I utterly abannyshe and exclude out of this Schole."

The last tract is that on *The Order and Method of Teaching and Reading Classical Authors*, by Battista Guarino, son of the celebrated Guarino Veronese. The mantle of the sire fell upon the son, for he succeeded immediately to the professorial chair voided by his father's death. This fact, doubtless, helped to preserve the continuity of the work of Guarino da Verona, and combined with the popularity of the well-known *Compendium* of the latter to render the name of Guarino the elder more generally familiar than that of Vittorino. This treatise "especially represents the doctrines of my father," says Battista. Among other tricks of the teacher, he mentions a speciality in minor tactics which, except in some manuals of English composition, has now, perhaps undeservedly, fallen out of use. This is the setting for correction of a piece of Latin in which errors have been purposely introduced. He naturally recommends the use of his father's *Compendium*, or *Grammaticales Regule*, originally published at Venice in 1470. A copy of this scarce book, picked up some years ago at a bookstall, lies before us as we write. It is largely composed of doggerel verses of the *Propria quæ maribus* type, intended to be learnt by rote. The *Compendium* of Guarino, who may be regarded as the Valpy of the fifteenth century, was probably the chief rival Latin grammar to the famous *Antiquus Donatus*, which figures in the statutes of Winchester College, though it does not appear ever to have succeeded in furnishing a generic name for elementary grammar books as did "Old Donat." As our own "Piers Plowman" can testify, a "Donatus," "Donat," or "Donet," had become practically a synonym for a primer long before Guarino composed his *Regule*.

Mr. Woodward concludes with an excellent summary of the foregoing essays and of the contents of other contemporary works on education. He points out that "a singular harmony is presented by our authorities both as to the general aims pursued and the methods advocated to secure them." Again:

"Latin and Greek grammar was still in the inductive stage; it could only be studied by the actual reading of the great writers; orthography, accidence, syntax, prosody and style were alike far from being crystallised in authoritative rule and usage. On the deductive side, as a practical art, grammar was still only in the making."

Finally, there is another aspect of the educational revolution effected by the Humanist teachers. "They rescued the function of the schoolmaster from the contempt in which it was proverbially held." It was no longer possible for scholars to write as Petrarch had written in the preceding century:

"Let those teach who like disorder, noise, and squalor; who rejoice in the screams of the victim as the rod falls gaily; who are not happy unless they can terrify, flog, and torture. How, then, can teaching—be it of grammar or of any

of the liberal arts—be a fit occupation for honourable age? Quit so debasing a trade while chance offers."

And this change was due to the labours of Guarino the elder and Vittorino. The attention and interest attracted by Mr. Woodward's scholarly work will extend far beyond the circle of the professional educationist.

#### SPITSBERGEN THE UNINVITING.

*The First Crossing of Spitsbergen.* By Sir William Martin Conway. With Contributions by J. W. Gregory, A. Trevor-Battye, and E. J. Garwood. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

No one, after reading the title-page of this book, a title-page far from pleasing to the eye, will have any doubt as to its contents. They are set down with a lavish profuseness such as is rarely seen in these days, and might render what is told thereafter superfluous, were it not for the manner of the telling. The main title is imitated from the *First Crossing of Greenland*, and the book, from its bulk as well as in point of chronological appearance, seems to challenge comparison with Nansen's more recent volumes. Such a comparison would be to its disadvantage, for neither in point of continued interest nor in importance of material does it reach the same level, and there is about Sir Martin Conway's style (in this volume at any rate) a tendency to lapse into personal trivialities which was successfully avoided by Nansen, so far, at any rate, as it was likely to interfere with the proper course of his narrative. We do not for a moment suppose that any such comparison was intended; but Sir Martin Conway's readers may be excused for feeling that he has given them more than due measure in recording the events of a three months' summer excursion at considerably greater length than Nansen devoted to his famous sledge expedition, which occupied more than a year. There seems to be an increasing tendency for books of travel to become diffuse, and as they are at the same time growing rapidly more numerous, it might be well if all the small change of such expeditions, the individual "duckings," the comic appearance, the fugitive joke, and the personal "chaff," could be vigorously curtailed or buried in private correspondence. Want of attention to this maxim has somewhat interfered with Sir Martin Conway's admirable narrative. We lose ourselves in some engrossing tale of a pony's stubbornness, and totally forget what the expedition was supposed to be doing. Even now, after a careful perusal from end to end, we confess to a hazy impression of the various land manoeuvres, and looking back over the pages we can see nothing but "Garwood's cooking was invaluable," "Trevor-Battye made light of his discomforts," "Gregory took a well-earned nap," or "called for tea and victuals." Interspersed with this sort of thing is the scientific narrative, of which a clearer idea can be got from Sir Martin Conway's short paper published in the

journal of the Geographical Society. However, people must write their books their own way, and reviewers are born captious.

The expedition, judged by the light of its original plans, was not an entire success. It failed, as pioneer expeditions must often do, from want of accurate knowledge concerning the country to be traversed. Accounts of previous explorers, and possibly the analogy of Greenland, led Sir Martin Conway to expect an interior plateau of vast level snowfields, easily negotiated by ponies and light sledges; an "unabsehbare weisse Fläche," as one shortsighted observer described it. Instead he found, to his surprise, a wild chaos of crumbling mountains, separated by valleys of soft ooze, into which the ponies sank, or by torrents of icy water. Each pass was a laborious obstacle which they hoped would be the last, and each pass that followed was worse. It is mortifying on such occasions to reflect that a mere foreboding of the actual state of affairs would have led one to adopt entirely different plans and different equipment. The plans can be changed, not always with advantage; but the equipment is irremediable. Thus we can admire the cheerful way in which the explorers set themselves to the tedious work of dragging their ponies and flimsy sledges through the network of morasses and waterlogged snow that confronted them in the interior of Spitsbergen, and can do justice to the patience and skill which produced under such disheartening circumstances the complicated topographical map which illustrates the volume.

It had been the original intention of the explorers to make a series of examinations of the interior by crossing three or four times from west to east at different points of the island. As this proved manifestly impossible in the time given, they contented themselves with crossing once to Agardhs Bay, and with mapping in detail a single district lying between Sassen Bay, at the end of Ice Fjord, and terminating at Klok Bay to the southward. How difficult was the manipulation of the plane table in such a region may be gathered from the following broken fragments:

"The higher I rose the wilder and more furious blew the wind. . . I halted, leaning against the gale, and with difficulty set up the plane table, holding it with both hands and spreading wide the legs. . . One could not stay long at work in such a gale. It blew all warmth and feeling from the hands. On these occasions only habit enables a man to face working at all; mere will does not suffice. Each line drawn upon the map is won at a measurable cost of pain. When I could stand no more I hurried under the cliff's shelter and rubbed life back into fingers and arms."

Mingled with imprecations on the weather, the soil, and the foothold, come at each ascent such ecstasies of wonder at the beauty of the views that one is continually reminded of a philosophic passage near the beginning of the book:

"Such is the innate folly of man that when he sees a beautiful view he desires to be in the midst of it. . . But the beauty is not there, but here, whence it is beheld. Not on that golden surface of the rippled sea, not on that rose-tinted peak, but here. Tell a man this

a thousand times; repeat it to yourself; it is useless."

Possibly the length of this volume, on which we have remarked, is due to Sir Martin Conway's all-round accomplishments. He is not only a scientific traveller writing a record, but a poet, a painter, a journalist, and a jovial companion as well. Each of these characteristics requires a separate outlet.

On returning to Advent Bay, the headquarters of the expedition, the party changed its plans once more. A circumnavigation of the island formed no part of the original scheme, which was confined to the interior. The summer of 1896 was, however, a remarkably open season, and the surrounding seas were free from ice. The chance presented was an exceptional one, and a small steamer was chartered to explore the coast and neighbouring islands. Cruising up northwards over the top of Spitsbergen, a dash was made down the treacherous Hinloopen Strait and as far as Barent's Isle, Wiche's Land being observed and sketched to the westward. Then the course was retraced, and a visit was paid to Herr Andrée, who was patiently waiting at Dane's Gap beside his inflated balloon for the south wind which was to blow him over the polar region. The south wind did not come, and Herr Andrée was about to return in expectation of a better year. With this voyage the expedition terminated, and the party, with two exceptions, returned in time to witness Nansen's historic arrival. The exceptions were Messrs. Garwood and Trevor-Battye, who stopped to accomplish an ascent of the Hornsund Tind or Mount Hedgehog, the most respectable peak in Spitzbergen. Another diversion was also made by two of the party who explored Dickson's Bay, and wrote a separate record.

Whether each is also going to publish a separate book remains to be seen. If this is done, our information in regard to the district traversed will be tolerably complete. It is understood that Dr. Gregory and Mr. Garwood will give us the benefit of their geological observations, which were not unimportant, and to these we may safely look forward.

The last chapter in Sir Martin Conway's book deals with Spitsbergen as a summer resort. Nansen also recommended the North Pole, but Spitsbergen has the merit of comparative accessibility. Two or three lines of steamers have begun to run there weekly in the summer, and tourists may disport themselves in the perpetual daylight as only tourists can. There is a hotel at Advent Bay, and targets have been erected to console those who expect to find game, either by considerate members of a previous expedition or by someone whose life has been jeopardised by the free shooting which prevails. The weather is described as not unlike that of an English spring. Words, even Sir Martin Conway's, fail to fit themselves to the scenery, which, judging from Mr. H. E. Conway's sketches, is of a vividly polychrome description. The adventurous, with this book in hand, may follow Mr. Garwood in his risky ascents, and jeopardise the nine lives which climbers seem to have. Those more mildly inclined may accept the

dictum of another member of the party who described the interior of Spitsbergen as a piece of work botched in the making and thrown aside. Certainly few will be tempted, except by an enthusiasm for science, to continue the cartography of this uninviting region.

#### MR. LILLY'S WRITINGS.

*Essays and Speeches.* By W. S. Lilly. (Chapman & Hall.)

THIS is a volume of vivid and various interest. The author has reclaimed certain contributions of importance to the leading magazines. And the result is a book which displays a veritable *dubia cœna*—a feast of fat things full of marrow. Nor—to continue the metaphor—is the equipage—the *suppellex* or "overlay"—of the banquet unworthy of the viands which compose it. The type, the paper, and the general get-up are here as good as can be, and the book is furnished with an admirably full index and an exhaustive summary of contents.

Of Mr. Lilly we may say, in all sincerity, what in this volume he has observed of Mr. Ruskin, that he is a noble and most ennobling teacher, whom we may always hear gladly, whether we assent or not. Impartiality—unflinching courage—loftiness and purity of motive: these are surely inspiring and uplifting qualities in the critic of life and literature, even where we may not be able to accept all his conclusions. In Mr. Lilly there is a remarkable consistency of aim; and consequently a strong vein of individuality—a well-defined and unmistakable idiosyncrasy—pervades everything that comes from his trenchant and indefatigable pen. Wherein this distinctive note lies he himself explains in his speech "On Literature and National Life." "In all the poor writings," he says, "which I have ventured to give to the world from time to time, the end that I have kept before me has been this, to translate into literature the moral and political philosophy which I hold." It is this unity and elevation of purpose which imparts to all that he has written an absolute homogeneity of character. In the volume before us he announces again and again, and in the clearest and most emphatic language, his attitude towards the ethical and political problems of the hour. (See pp. 168-172, 208, 215-223.) "You will, I know, agree with me in holding," he writes, in dedicating the book to Charles Stanton Devay,

"that the great issue in the world of thought at the present day—an issue which cannot be too plainly stated—is whether man is mere matter in motion, or a spirit robed in flesh—*ἡ ἐμφύλιος ἡ ψυχή*, as Aristotle expresses the alternative; whether he is a thing bound fast in fate, like the rest of nature, or a person endowed with true volition, and responsible for choice; that is to say, whether he is an ethical agent, whose one worthy spring of action is the moral law speaking to him through conscience, a law not the outcome of calculations of the chances of agreeable feeling, nor a deduction from experiences of utility; no, but a divine order, good and acceptable and perfect, as the expression of Supreme Reason . . . ruling by

its mandates and its penalties over all intelligent beings, in all spheres of their activity, in all worlds."

And in the following passage from the essay on the "New Spirit in History" he expresses lucidly and impressively his personal convictions on this most momentous of all questions:

"Is man nothing more than 'a willy-nilly current of sensations,' or is he really possessed of true causality? To me, the Determinist view of the collective, as of the individual, life of humanity—the view which makes of it mere physiology and mechanism—seems clearly false. I so account it for this reason—to give no other—that it is flatly opposed to the testimony of consciousness. . . . In public life, as in private, the most important words are right and wrong. The moral law is the fundamental fact, not only of individual existence, but of the social order. It is the sun of righteousness illuminating the world of rational being."

Mr. Lilly is a philosopher and a transcendentalist; but philosophers, after all, are (it is consoling to reflect) but men—beings subject to toothache and other like passions with our undiscerning selves; in whom the *θηρίον*, though held in subjection by, has not yet been finally absorbed and swallowed up in, the *θεός*. For those who find it hard to tarry long in the rare atmosphere of the philosophic heights haunted by Mr. Lilly, it is pleasant to discover that even he can at times find it expedient to descend from the tenuous ether of those lofty pinnacles of thought to what Ben Jonson calls the "fatter air" (*pinguis et coneretus aer*) of humble human passion. Mr. Lilly is the fairest, the most honourable of fighters—he never strikes below the belt; but where, consistently with the rules of fair play, he perceives his advantage, he will, we may rest assured, suffer no idle scruples to hinder him from pursuing it to the uttermost. Rather will he go for his antagonist like a man, and knock him out of time with the blithe serenity of self-satisfaction exhibited, on a famous occasion, by Sam Weller, when in the public street of Ipswich he "floored" Grummer, Dubbley, and the special division. Witness the pages of this volume on which he deals with the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, with Signor Crispi, and, above all, with Mr. Froude. Of the last-named Mr. Lilly writes:

"He was incapable of critically investigating facts. Nay, he was incapable, congenitally incapable, I believe, even of correctly stating them. A less judicial mind probably never existed. He is everywhere an advocate, and an utterly unscrupulous advocate. His predecessor in the Chair of Modern History at Oxford once said: 'When we have read Mr. Froude's account of any matter, we know, at all events, one way in which it did not happen.' I think this was too strongly said. According to St. Thomas Aquinas, the father of lies himself sometimes tells the truth: '*Interdum diabolus veritatem loquitur.*'"

And he goes on to call Froude "a congenital pseudomaniac," and to compare him to Charles Honeyman in *The Newcomes*: "Charles," said Fred. Bayham, "you had, even from your youth up, a villainous habit: it's my belief you'd rather lie than not." Surely though this is written with a goose quill, there is gall enough in the ink. But Mr. Lilly's pen, while apt enough to drop



gall at times, is more often and more happily employed in dropping honeyed words of praise and friendship. Let us take leave of him with a sentence or two from his touching eulogy of John Henry Newman:

"Cardinal Newman was something better than a great historian, a great philosopher, a great theologian: he was a great spirit. No such profound and keen intellect had been known among Catholics since the days of Pascal; no such master of language since the days of Bossuet. Style is one of the best indexes to character, and in Cardinal Newman's 'regal English'—to use Mr. Hutton's admirable phrase—we have a true revelation of his kingly intelligence. No other man, since the days of Shakespeare, has possessed his supreme dominion over our tongue. And he employed it in absolute fidelity to the law within; ever for him, through all that tract of years, 'the rule and measure of duty.' . . . In him we recognise one of those elect souls, 'radiant with ardent divine,' who as 'beacons of hope' illuminate, from time to time, the path of 'troubled and distressed mortality.'"

#### MADE TO ORDER.

*Cakes and Ale.* By Edward Spencer (Grant Richards.)

"It is impossible for any Author to please all people," Robert May, the "Accomplisht Cook," wrote some three hundred years ago, when he gave the world his famous treatise on cookery. Probably Mr. Edward Spencer (better known to the sporting world, we believe, as "Nathaniel Gubbins") realises that the same conditions prevail to-day, and will therefore not be discouraged when he learns that his book on Robert May's subject has not pleased us, whatever its fate with a less exacting public. At the very outset his preface destroyed our confidence in his judgment. There he tells us, with needless candour, that the work was undertaken simply because he wanted to write a book about something, and all the motives he suggested were disdained by his publisher, who could, however, "do" with "a good, bold, brilliant, lightly treated, exhaustive work on gastronomy." "I'm a bit of a parlour cook," Mr. Spencer then advanced as his qualification for the task. A bit of a parlour cook! It savours of sacrilege when we remember the knowledge and achievements of the long line of inspired writers upon the art, from our friend the "Accomplisht Cook," who wrote because "God and my own conscience"—as he explained to the "most worthy Artists," his fellow "Master Cooks"—"would not permit me to bury these, my Experiences, with my Silver Hairs in the Grave"; to Alexandre Dumas, whose *Dictionnaire* was to be the triumphant crowning of his life's literary work. A bit of a parlour cook, who could, so he says, manage a salad, a grill, an anchovy toast, or a cooling and cunningly compounded cup, to venture to compete with the mighty Vatel who have died for their art, the Carêmes who have heroically braved the charcoal fumes that might lessen their days but would increase their glory!

And the book itself is not much worse, not much better, than the preface led us

to expect. "New humour," slang, funny stories, headlines after the fashion of the halfpenny paper; these are the attractions offered in the place of the stately language, the courtly style, the elegant seriousness of the authorities who were artists, not journalists. Our interest is supposed to be quickened when our eyes fall on these and similar headings: "Coloured Help," "No Cheques Accepted," "Such Larks," in all the pride and pomp of italics and single lines to themselves. We are presumably made to feel at home by free-and-easy references to the lodging-house "gal," and the landlady who has to be "squared," and the business-men who "gallop" through breakfast and luncheon, and put in their "best work" at dinner. And we are invited to laugh at the inevitable jest about "those who go down to the sea in ships," and the more personal joke of a salad made with colza oil by a drunken cook, or of the effects of an experimental vegetarian dinner, and so on and so on.

When we turn from the ornaments of style to the doctrine taught, we find Mr. Spencer to be a man of at least one strong belief—viz., that French cookery is an abomination not to be endured by right-minded and healthily constituted Englishmen. Mrs. Glasse, it is true, had her objection to French cooks.

"So much is the Blind Folly of this Age, that they—English gentlemen—would rather be impos'd on by a French Booby [that she was not writing in the 'high polite stile' she had already explained] than give Encouragement to a good English Cook!"

But clearly her objection was much the same as that cherished nowadays by the City clerk to the German. It was not French cooking that excited her indignation, but the French *chef*, who, by his "French tricks," was ousting honest English men and women from their rightful place. With Mr. Spencer, however, it is all the other way. The practices of the French kitchen are anathema to him. To introduce the two harmless little words *A la* on a *menu* is to incur his wrath for ever. Out of them, indeed, he has invented a wicked fairy *Ala*, whom he pictures for us waging terrible war against the "Roast Beef of Old England." Her "attendant sprites" are "Grease, Vinegar, and Garlic," he says: and this makes us fear that his experience of French cooking has been limited to the cheap French restaurant. It is a sad fact that the Paris restaurant is no longer what it was in the great days, when the most distinguished *chefs* of France left the palace of the noble to preside in the eating-house of the *bourgeois*. But there are still friendly little places, almost under the shadow of Notre Dame or the Bourse, where Mr. Spencer might enlarge his experience and be convinced of the truth, much to his own profit and that of his readers; though, we should add, the restaurant is neither the only nor the best school for the study of the art of cookery. However, even Mr. Spencer does not live on roast beef alone, and we are amused to note that his *recettes* sometimes have a distinctly French flavour, and that French terms prove very useful, almost indispensable.

His concluding chapters are devoted to the art, not of eating but of drinking. His cups and restoratives are sometimes as wonderful as Sir Kenelm Digby's Methaglins and Meaths and Hydromels—if never so picturesque—and often as alarming. But, perhaps, after we had eaten Mr. Spencer's breakfast of bacon and eggs, Calcutta jumble, reindeer's tongue, and other dainties, and his dinner—he is wise and objects to luncheon, even if not unwilling to make a *menu* for it—of roast beef and real English accessories, we might stand in need of his "Swizzles" and "Liveners." We have, however, too much respect for ourselves and for the noble art of Varenne and Beauvilliers to run any such awful risk.

#### A HANDBOOK OF LITERATURE.

*Handbook of English Literature.* By Austin Dobson and W. Hall Griffin. (Crosby, Lockwood & Son.)

THIS handbook, as Mr. Austin Dobson informs us in his preface, was published originally in the Sixties for the use of those who designed to enter the Civil Service examinations. But English literature, as he pathetically remarks, has never been a favourite subject with the candidates for the Civil Service. Accordingly, an attempt was made to extend it as a book for general reference; and now it is for the third time re-issued under the supervision of Prof. Hall Griffin, the teacher of English language and literature at Queen's College, who has brought it up to modern requirements. It is emphatically a book of reference, a book for students only; and a book for students desirous of having at hand compendious data, rather than a detailed introduction to English literature. But in its kind it must be pronounced excellent, and without any rival that we know of. It is arranged in chronological periods, without any attempt at philosophical order, as Mr. Dobson warns us. Where it is perhaps least satisfactory is in the notices of nineteenth century writers, and those immediately preceding the nineteenth century. It is very full and up to date in its list of modern writers, and this has somewhat cramped the space given to such modern writers of importance as Shelley and Keats. Without some previous knowledge of the important place occupied by these poets, the student would be liable to underrate their position—indeed, the plan of treatment would seem to expect some such knowledge on the part of the student. Nor is it quite satisfactory to find such a poet as Blake relegated to an appendix of minor writers, while Young and like small fry find a place in the body of the book.

But this ends our fault-finding. Mr. Dobson's share in the work obviously comes out most strongly where we should expect to find it—in the poets and prose-writers of the eighteenth century. The notices of Dryden, of Pope, of the essayists of that time, of Richardson, Fielding, and the other novelists of the eighteenth century, are

delightful, and such as the youthful student will hardly find in any other handbook. Prof. Griffin's strength and special contribution are no less obviously to be looked for in the chapters dealing with the beginnings of English literature. No other handbook, we think, equally elementary, gives such a clear and knowledgable account of our early literature, embodying with equal fulness, and at the same time brevity, the results of the most modern researches. One finds references made, for example, to such recent authorities as Prof. W. P. Ker. There is an admirable account of the principles of the great Saxon alliterative metre, most rare to find in a popular handbook, and of incalculable value for the youthful student. The chief early authors, from Cædmon up to Chaucer, are handled, and the evolution of Chaucer's English from Saxon and Norman French is traced. This difficult subject is further illustrated by a valuable appendix of passages from early English poems and prose-writings: the Saxon epic of *Beowulf*, Layamon, and various early authors, including a passage from Tyndall's Bible, are all quoted to illustrate the text. The treatment of the growth and establishment of our literature is so careful and valuable, that we can well afford to forgive the authors if a certain amount of knowledge is taken for granted in regard to the principal writers of our own century. It is a fault on the right side, and was doubtless necessary if the list of modern writers was to be brought so thoroughly up to date as has been done. This handbook is, we certainly think, the best brief compendium of reference for English literary students that we know. It aims not at extended exposition, but at being an advanced *multum in parvo*; and it certainly fulfils its object. So far as we have seen, all dates and biographical details embody the latest and most accurate results; making it a most handy and reliable compendium for the literary man as well as the student.

#### MR. WELLS'S NEW STORIES.

*The Plattner Story.* By H. G. Wells.  
(Methuen & Co.)

THIS volume of short stories is very much what we have learned to expect—one might say, to hope for—from Mr. Wells. The author's range is unusually wide: it is a rare gift that can exhibit with almost equal conviction both real life and the life of an imaginary wonderland. There are some whose imagination answers to the stimulus and obeys the direction of an observation of things here and known, but stops short before the unexplored, and will not enter the kingdom beyond and unknown. There are others, fewer in number, poets and dreamers, madmen and men of genius, who will tell us stories of any world but this, and can never render the life around them: who pay, in short, for their creative power by the blindness of their eyes.

Dealing first with those stories or parts of stories in which Mr. Wells treats of life here and now, there are certain character-

istics worthy of notice. The approach is always scientific and without prejudice; the grey life that he depicts is neither darkened to villainy nor illuminated to heroism; he describes the middle and lower-middle classes neither as if he held a brief for their defence nor with any air of superiority; he wants the truth and he gets it. Many authors describe their characters with a double purpose—that the reader may form an opinion of the people, and, secondly, that the reader may subsequently deduce an opinion of the author. It is a common and unpleasant form of egotism, and Mr. Wells is remarkably free from it. That his correct and impartial attitude never leads him to produce a cold report of real life instead of a story of real life may be assigned to the fact that he is an artist. There is no long analysis of a character where a word or two of dialogue would serve the purpose. "Wretched mumchauer!" exclaims the headmaster, and we know the headmaster. "Rational 'njoyment" pleads the struggling shopkeeper, and stands revealed. Similarly, Mr. Wells will get a whole scene by recording one or two suggestive details. For instance, an operation is to take place, and here is the picture: "Haddon moved the little octagonal table close to the bedside, and, with his broad black back to me, began taking things out of his bag. I heard the light click of steel upon steel." His sense of value is good, his sympathies are broad, his humour is dry and pleasant. Of his stories of real life "The Purple Pileus" and "A Catastrophe" are the best. Sometimes, of course, he fails: misses his effect or lets himself be seen trying for it; but, on the whole, the level is high and well maintained.

We pass to the stories of wonderland. Where is wonderland? On the moon, at the bottom of the sea, in the centre of the earth, on the outside edge of the hereafter? How do we arrive at it? In books, mostly by the mysterious powder or the fixed hypnotic stare; chloroform, plain sleep, or a newly invented machine will also serve the purpose. It has already been pointed out there are few authors who have been successful in what is often not quite accurately called purely imaginative work. In the story of real life the reader supplies something; he is in a state of expectant attention; the illusion is more easily produced. In the story of wonderland the author must supply everything; the reader must be told what he is to see instead of being reminded of something he has seen. Again, it is all very well for an author to say that he will let his imagination roam, but in almost every case the imagination refuses to avail itself of the permission. This imagination is no wild bird beating its heart out against the bars of the cage and pining to be free. It does not pine, it is reluctant to roam. An annexation of any part of wonderland that has hitherto been unexplored is a rare event; in the intervals we rediscover the already discovered, and, as a rule, no story is so trite and conventional as the story of wonderland.

In some of these stories Mr. Wells does rediscover the discovered; but if he takes a theme that has been used, he sees it from his own point of view, and handles it in his

own way. And in other of the stories the idea seems to us quite new and fresh; some further annexation of the wonderful kingdom has been made. Very remarkable is the skill with which he makes the impossible seem, for the time being, like the inevitable. He knows just the moment when a description must be plain and prosaic if it is to be credible; it is the very moment where those that fail in this kind allow themselves fine writing. He is quick to see when the very incompleteness of the story may help the illusion and produce something of the air of a fragmentary human document. Two of the stories, "The Sea-Raiders" and "Pollock and the Porroh Man," are quite successful in producing the feeling of horror; and although it is perfectly easy to fill a story with all manner of ghastliness, it is quite a different thing and a very much more difficult thing to produce the feeling of horror.

No more interesting volume of short stories has appeared for a long time, and none which is so likely to give equal pleasure to the simplest reader and to the most fastidious critic.

#### A PEOPLE "RELIGIOUS TO EXCESS."

*Religion of the Ancient Egyptians.* By Alfred Wiedemann, Ph.D., &c. (H. Grevel & Co.)

A LAND divided into forty-two provinces, each possessing a god believed by his worshippers to be the creator and ruler of the universe; a people so obstinately conservative that they accepted new ideas only on condition that they did not abandon the old; and a history stretching over fifty centuries, during which the country was repeatedly conquered by foreign invaders, who brought their own gods with them when they came and left them behind them when they went away. If the reader can picture to himself the kaleidoscopic faith likely to result from these three causes, he will have some idea of the difficulty of producing a bird's-eye view of the religion of Ancient Egypt. Yet Prof. Wiedemann has performed this feat, and has performed it well. Wisely throwing aside any attempt to portray, as a whole, either the Egyptian Pantheon or the Egyptian creed, he has compressed into a volume of 300 pages an account which leaves little to be desired of the Egyptian religion as it affected the daily life of the people. Here, for instance, the uninstructed reader can learn in a pleasant and easy way the curious ideas of the Egyptians concerning the wanderings of the soul after death, their deification of the kings of the country, and the true reason of their worship of animals. If he chooses to go further, he will find in the same volume a sufficient description of their chief gods, of the gradual transformation of these last into solar deities, and of all the ceremonies of the Egyptian religion which have come down to us. Nor is this information imparted in the didactic or professorial manner. Everywhere Dr. Wiedemann gives us full



translations of the texts on which his conclusions are based, and although he is, of course, obliged to take some things for granted, he most honestly warns us that "in the study of Egyptian religion, as in all other branches of Egyptology, our knowledge is as yet very imperfect." If any fault can be found with his work, it is that his translations do not always reach the high literary level of Prof. Maspero's.

The impression which the book will probably leave on the minds of most readers is that to the "plain man" of Ancient Egypt the worship of the gods was much less a religion than a sort of magic. Sublime and noble conceptions can, indeed, be found in many of the hymns here given; but there is no reason to suppose that they ever reached the ear of any Egyptian who was not either a king or a priest. For the rest of the nation the smallest action of daily life was presided over by some god or other, and the favour of this deity could be obtained with the certainty of a scientific experiment by the performance of the appropriate ceremony. Even in the next world the same theory held good. The path of the soul to perfect beatitude was supposed to be beset with terrible difficulties, but they could all be overcome by a knowledge of what may be irreverently called the rules of the game. At almost every step in the underworld the dead Egyptian found a well-guarded gate, which was only opened to him on the presentation of the proper amulet and the utterance of the proper password. Hence the best preparation for the world to come was thought to be, not good conduct in this life, but a map of the country and a good memory for its dangers as handed down by the priests. The power which this put into the hands of the priesthood can easily be seen, and the story of its abuse forms one of the saddest satires upon humanly invented religious institutions that can well be imagined. Well suited as the religion of Egypt was to a people who, as we are apt to forget, were, after all, Africans, in the outset it rendered great services to civilisation, and remained tolerant and kindly to the end. But the failure of Khuenaten's reform made it possible for the priests to grasp at political power, and from that moment it began to decay. At length it broke down under the intolerable weight of its own ceremonies and the idleness which it enforced on the greater part of the population, and when it finally vanished the backbone of the nation seems to have gone with it. Never since she abjured her old gods has Egypt been independent.

The volume before us is in every way an advance on the German edition with which scholars have hitherto had to content themselves. It contains some seventy well-chosen illustrations, has been brought up to date by the author, and has an excellent index. Dr. Wiedemann has also been lucky in his translator.

## FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

### FOUR BOOKS ON EDUCATION.

*Aims and Practice of Teaching.* By Frederic Spencer, and Others. (Cambridge: University Press.) This is a collection of papers by several hands on the teaching of Greek, Latin, French, German, English, history, geography, algebra, geometry, physical science, chemistry, botany, and physiology. The various chapters do not, and apparently are not intended to, constitute a harmonious whole. Considerable difference of opinion appears concerning the handling of those among the above subjects that lend themselves to somewhat similar treatment, and this variety probably adds to the usefulness of the book. In dealing with so heterogeneous an assemblage of essays comparisons would not be odious only because they would not be possible; but we may perhaps say that those on Greek, Latin, geography, geometry, and chemistry have struck us most. If, indeed, the teaching of chemistry in schools can ever be so ordered as to possess any real value as a mental gymnastic, it will probably have to be conducted on some such lines as those indicated in Mr. Armstrong's chapter. It is strange that botany should have been accorded a place in this scholastic Pantheon, while arithmetic was excluded. Taken in the aggregate, these articles do not contain much that is of startling novelty, but, old or new, the views set forth are sane, and the suggestions offered are practical. Secondary schoolmasters rarely trouble themselves to read books on education. Those of them who are least uninterested in their profession, and those of them who are least unconscious of their shortcomings through lack of training, might strain a point for once and glance through Mr. Spencer's volume.

Miss C. S. Bremner's *Education of Girls and Women* (Swan Sonnenschein) is introduced by some dozen pages of excellent preliminary matter from the pen of Miss E. P. Hughes, and, so far as nineteenth century developments and the existing situation are concerned, will be found a clear and succinct sketch of the subject. The Scottish section is particularly well done. The weak point of the book, apart from the occasional slipshod character of the English, lies in the historical summary contained in the earlier pages, which is thin and poor and evidently written from insufficient and inaccurate knowledge. The author herself very modestly and very properly styles this portion of her work an "imperfect survey." The book would have been better without it.

For fifty cents the Macmillan Company, of New York, provides an extremely serviceable *Handbook of Courses open to Women in British, Continental, and Canadian Universities*. All necessary information, including details as to fees, residence, curricula, &c., is given. Those professors and lecturers at Oxford and Cambridge who "have refused to admit women" are shown up for execration by the addition of asterisks to their names. The coy or misogynistic at the former University number seventeen; at the latter, five.

By those whose nervous organisation is proof against the repulsive grotesqueries of American spelling and phraseology *Studies in Historical Method*, by Mary Sheldon Barnes (Isbister), will be found to be a thoughtful and suggestive little volume. It contains tabulated records of some decidedly interesting and valuable experiments, which throw light upon the evolutionary stages of the historic sense in children at different ages and of both sexes. The matter, in fact, is as good as the manner is bad. The book being written by a lady, there is naturally a lavish use of the dash; and the note of interrogation flourishes like a whole forest of green bay trees. A curious and very ugly misprint, "for ever" run into one word—which, oddly enough, occurs several times—should have been corrected in the proof. The teacher of history who can stomach all this, and who can also bring himself to be a little kind to rickety grammar, should profit by reading what the writer has to say.

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*Robert the Wise and his Heirs.* By St. Clair Baddeley. (Heinemann.)

THERE is no more interesting episode in Italian, or, indeed, in mediæval history, than the narrative of the rule of the Angevin sovereigns of Naples and Sicily, and of their struggles with their Suzerain, the Pope. Mr. Baddeley has already covered part of the ground in an earlier sketch of the career of Joanna I., Queen of Naples. In the present volume he returns to the topic, and retells with copious detail the romantic story of Joanna, together with that of her father and predecessor, Robert the Wise. Mr. Baddeley's work is painstaking and sufficiently picturesque; he has incorporated a considerable amount of new material, most of it drawn from those unexhausted quarries of modern research—the Papal archives at the Vatican. The history of Naples is, of course, a theme which tempts to wide divagations, and Mr. Baddeley has interpreted it in a liberal sense. He has much to say, and much that is worth saying, upon the condition of Italy in the fourteenth century, upon the degenerate Papacy, upon the strife of Guelph and Ghibelline, upon the early stages of the Renaissance. As might be expected from his connexion with the Neapolitan Court, no less a person than Boccaccio is much in evidence. His Fiammetta, according to the usual belief, was a natural daughter of King Robert; but as to this Mr. Baddeley is somewhat incredulous. A very interesting account is given of the rapid decay of the Minorite or Franciscan order of friars within a very few years after the death of the founder, of the schism between the Conventuals and the party of the stricter observance, and of the relations of either faction to the Popes. The character and personality of Robert the Wise himself are admirably summed up by Mr. Baddeley. He was not without learning and not without literary gifts; but though touched with the spirit of the Renaissance, he still belonged essentially to mediævalism, and just failed in catching the spirit of the new movement. Therefore he was doomed,

as the new movement grew, to oblivion. Altogether Mr. Baddeley may be congratulated upon a noteworthy contribution of English scholarship to the elucidation of Italian history.

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*The Natural History of Marketable Marine Fishes of the British Islands.* By J. T. Cunningham, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)

Of late years organised attempts have been made both here and abroad to get an accurate knowledge of the habits, and especially the development, of marine food-fishes, in the hope that this knowledge may be turned to practical account in increasing the annual supply of fish. In Great Britain most of this work has been done, first under the auspices of the Scottish Fishery Board, and more recently by the Marine Biological Association. The amount of information thus collected, now for the first time put into book-form, is very considerable, and no small part of it is due to the personal observations of Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Holt, working as members of the staff of the Association, by whose direction the book is prepared. To the naturalist it will be welcome as forming a most useful supplement to the treatises of Jarrell, Couch and Day, bringing our knowledge of British sea-fishes up to date; and though parts of the book show signs of haste in preparation, on the whole it is certainly well done.

But the objects of the book are essentially practical. The work was meant to lead to increase in the supply of sea-fish brought to market, and as such it is supported by grants from the Treasury. The reader who turns to the chapter on "Practical Methods of Increasing the Supply" may, perhaps, be disappointed to find that the statement of results is not more encouraging. In spite of all that has been done, it is evident that we have still no ready means of turning scientific knowledge of marine fishes to practical effect. Yet the study is young and much progress has been made, if only in revealing the complexity of the problem. It is at least a gain to have prevented premature legislation. Take, for instance, the question of the destruction of immature fish. To the layman it seems sufficient to forbid the sale of fish below a certain size; but a study of the facts proves how futile such a measure would be. To protect, for example, the plaice, a staple food of the poor, Mr. Cunningham shows that it is the shrimp-trawl that should be stopped. Who suspects that in catching thirty-two quarts of shrimps at the mouth of the Mersey over 11,000 young fish, chiefly plaice, are destroyed? Many similar facts are given in this book, showing how the phenomena of marine life are correlated together in such tangled interdependence that to interfere with any great prospect of success is still impossible. Nevertheless, scarce fish have been known to become abundant from unknown causes. The useless boar-fish might have been referred to in illustration. Described by Couch as an excessive rarity, it has now become a pest of the Plymouth trawlers, being taken in countless thousands, overloading the trawls and injuring the men's hands with its spines.

*Diseases of Plants induced by Cryptogamic Parasites.* By Dr. Karl Freiherr von Tubeuf. English edition by W. G. Smith, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Longmans.)

The popular idea that man "in a state of nature," that wild animals, and wild plants live healthy and happy lives, free from anxiety and disease, must be abandoned with the other illusions of our childhood. Civilisation, domestication, cultivation, no doubt bring their own special evils in their train; but the "state of nature" is anything but a state of perpetual health. In the case of plants, diseases abound resulting from insufficient nutriment, from overcrowding, from unfavourable atmospheric conditions, and, above all, from countless hosts of parasites always seeking for a favourable nidus for their propagation. In the volume before us probably not less than a thousand species of such parasites are described, belonging exclusively to the cryptogamic or flowerless section of the vegetable kingdom.

Far too little attention has been paid to this subject by our agriculturists and legislators. Besides numerous special works on plant-diseases, Germany has its *Zeitschrift für Pflanzenkrankheiten*, published monthly. In America, the publications of the Division of Vegetable Pathology of the Department of Agriculture, and the *Bulletins* of the various agricultural experimental stations, in connexion with local universities, are both numerous and important. With us, with the exception of valuable papers to be dug out of the *Journals* of the Royal Agricultural and Royal Horticultural Societies, and two small, but excellent, books of limited scope, Prof. Marshall Ward's "Timber and some of its Diseases," and Mr. Worthington G. Smith's "Diseases of Field and Garden Crops," our literature is almost as scanty as that of Irish snakes. In Switzerland the vine-grower is compelled, under heavy penalties, to use the prescribed means for keeping down infectious diseases. In the western United States the farmer who allows his land to become foul with thistles or other rapidly spreading weeds is heavily fined. With us a farm may become a perfect nursery of weeds and their attendant infectious diseases, and the neighbours have no remedy.

An English edition of von Tubeuf's classical work is therefore a welcome boon to the English student; and we may as well say at once that, so far as can be judged without comparing with the original, the part of the translator (not to be confounded with the elder Smith with the same initials, of fungus-foray renown) has been admirably done. The work will rapidly find a place on the botanist's shelves as an indispensable book of reference.

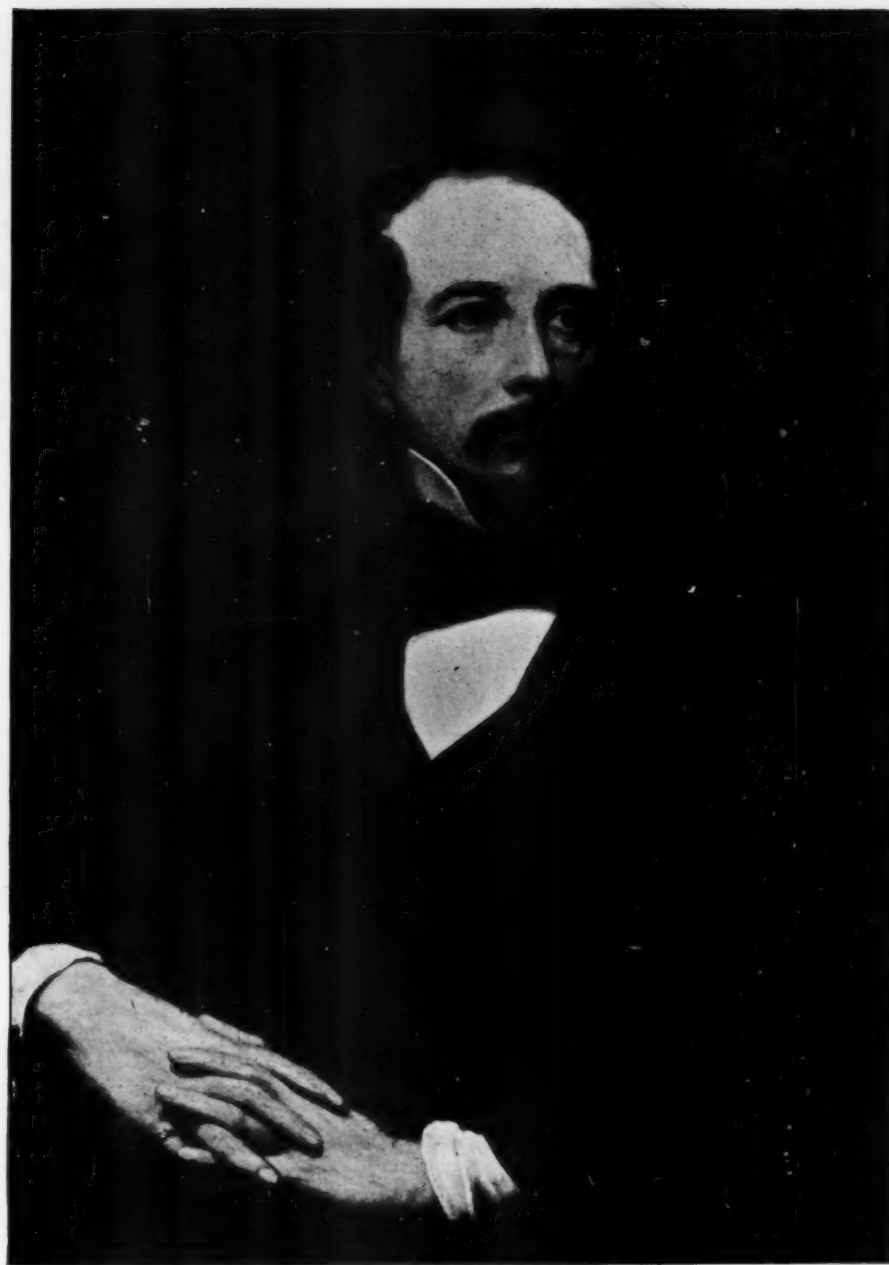
The general facts in the life-history of parasitic and saprophytic fungi, the nature of the malformations and diseases which they cause in the host-plant, the predisposition to disease, and the remedies, are treated in detail; and two chapters are devoted to the singular phenomenon of "symbiosis," where a parasite takes up its abode in the root of the host, to the mutual benefit of both parasite and host.

## FICTION.

*My Lord Duke.* By E. W. Hornung. (Cassell & Co.)

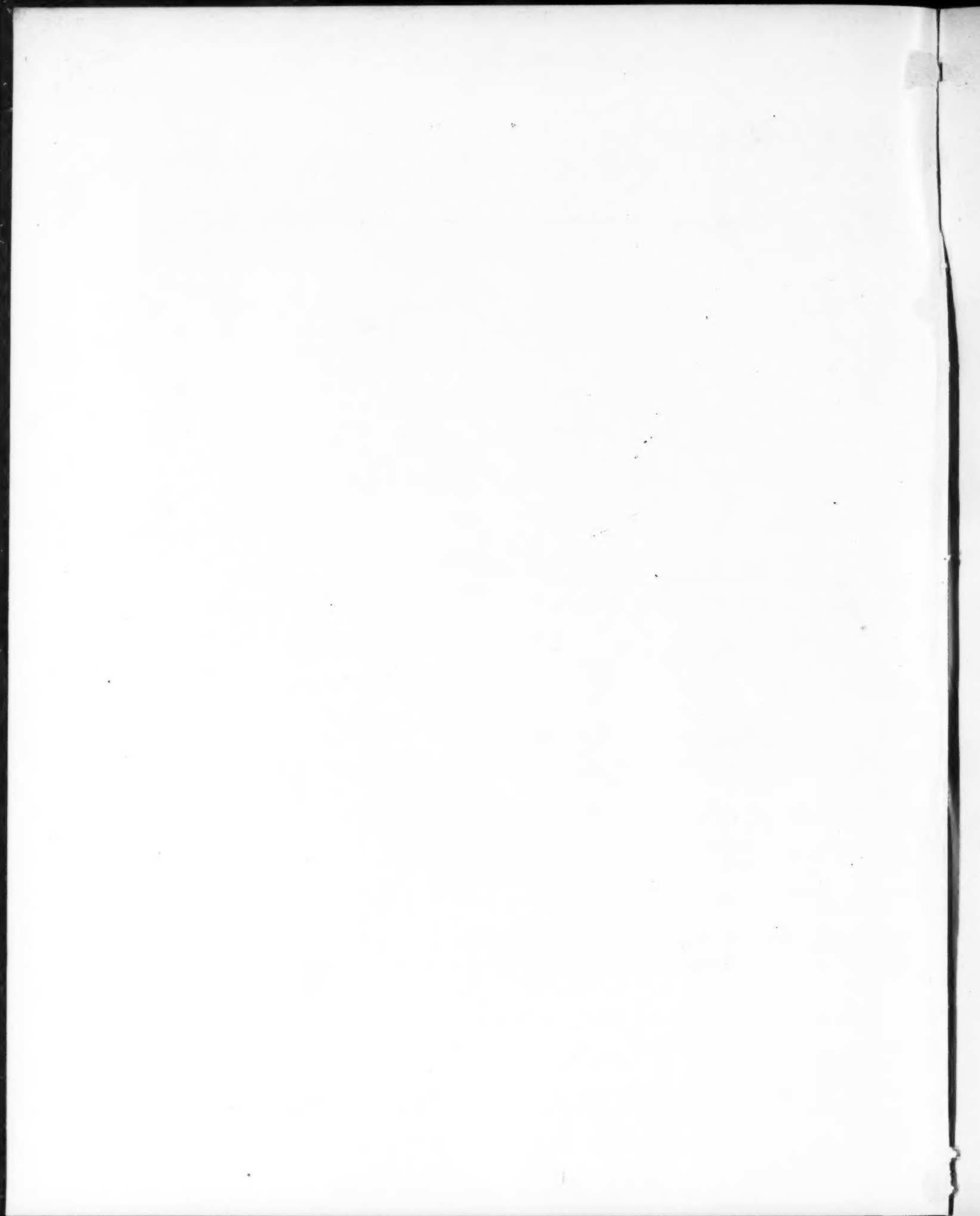
NOT the least of the benefits that we derive from Greater Britain is good stories. Colonial novelists are healthily disposed to put incident before psychology, plot before polish. On the skirts of the empire the yarn is still held in higher reverence than problems or philosophy; and art for art's sake has few followers. From Greater Britain, we need scarcely remind the reader, come Mr. Kipling, Rolf Boldrewood, Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. Fitzpatrick (whose promising South African tales we reviewed the other day), and Mr. E. W. Hornung; and the elementals and externals are the stuff of which their books are made. It is—for entertainment, for beguilement and the defeat of brooding care—the best stuff. Mr. Hornung is all for the story of action, and we honour him for his allegiance. He sets out to give his readers so good a time! Just as Jim Bludso saw his duty, so does Mr. Hornung see his reader's interest "a dead sure thing, and he goes for it thar and then." His every sentence is animated by this admirable purpose. With the volume before us Mr. Hornung has added another to his store of exhilarating, vigorous stories. Indeed, we cannot call *My Lord Duke* anything but one of the most agreeable novels that we can remember. It is not that it is conspicuous for penetration, or humour, or wit, or distinction of style: it is simply that it is so honest, so direct, so masculine, and so satisfying in its conclusion. Mr. Hornung once introduced us to a bride from the bush; this time he has set before us a bridegroom—uncouth, frank, gentle, sinewy, and entirely lovable. The man has our sympathies in five minutes, and thereafter *My Lord Duke* is not to be laid aside until the end is reached. So real has been our own interest in *My Lord Duke*, that we would not on any consideration tell the story here. Such attractive plots are too rare, and we are too kindly disposed towards readers of this book to spoil their pleasure; but we may say, without prejudice to anyone's enjoyment of the narrative itself, that *My Lord Duke* is a tale of to-day, and not, as might be premised from the title and the prevailing mode, an historical romance; that it is the story of a peerage and the heirs to it; that its hero, Happy Jack, is a man to wear in one's heart; and that the end is the completest of surprises. On the road to that surprise we are introduced to several characters who are firmly, if not subtly, drawn, and we witness, among other things, a fight in a good cause and the humiliation of a prig. Mr. Hornung has developed a happy narrative method. There is not a line of fine writing in this book, yet never does he misplace an incident or mar it in the telling. He gets the best service from ordinary work-a-day words. A plainer story than *My Lord Duke* we have rarely read. The dialogue is equally direct and "forwarding." In fact, we go forward with every line, as readers of stories are entitled to,





CHARLES DICKENS

*From the Picture by Ary Scheffer in the National Portrait Gallery*





yet so often do not. A closer observer of men and women and their characteristics might have made the pages more memorable, but the gain is minute. The increase of by-way interest would have been balanced by a loss in high-way interest. This is essentially a high-way book. Hence there is nothing that we can quote.

*A Drawing-Room Cynic.* By Lorin Kaye. (John Macqueen.)

THE name on the title-page gives no indication of the sex of this author; and though the intimate knowledge of chignons displayed may suggest a suspicion, it is not conclusive. However, Mr., Mrs., or Miss Kaye, whichever it may be, handles a witty pen, and attracts considerable amusement from the doings of a certain frothy, opulent, cosmopolitan section of society, the section which lunches at the Berkeley Hotel and visits Paris for its frocks. Philip Le Garde is a young diplomatist of many discreet amours, which hitherto have not been allowed to interfere with his career. Then comes Mrs. Dulcima Melville, a fascinating American widow, and Le Garde's heart surrenders at discretion. The scene in which the two first meet, under somewhat unconventional circumstances, is a piece of excellent high comedy, and there is much that is diverting in the complications subsequently caused by the proverbial difficulty of getting "off with the old love before you are on with the new." There is a certain Austrian Baroness, one Theresia von Peczky, about whom Le Garde is not quite straightforward, and heartburnings are the result. In the end, however, everything is happily straightened out. We like those parts of the book least in which the plane of comedy is deserted. Mr. Le Garde is very amusing, but as a hero of serious interest he neither wins nor deserves our sympathy. Mrs. Melville, on the other hand, is charming, and there is a young English girl of boyish manners, bicycling habits, and a loyal heart, who is also delightful. The dialogue is a strong point, easy, of the moment, and often sparkling. Without harassing you by constant epigram, it never loses the epigrammatic crispness and flavour. Altogether, a fresh and entertaining book.

*A Great Lie.* By Wilfrid Hugh Chesson. (Fisher Unwin.)

EDMUND WEAVERLING was a misanthropic, crippled dwarf, who longed for commanding strength and beauty of form. So much is stated by Mr. Chesson at the beginning of his story. By supernatural means the youth's desire was gratified. An exchange of bodies took place, and the cripple emerged a Greek god for grace and suppleness, but with the spirit of satire now regnant in his brain. The subject, on the face of it, is Mr. Anstey's. Mr. Chesson cares little for the face of it: he has gone deeper, and has given us a soul's drama. The sole interest of *A Great Lie* is psychological, and in spite of the introduction of impossibilities (which we sometimes regret) the lessons of the story have very general application. We shall not attempt to compress into a few sentences

the teaching which Mr. Chesson has written a book to set forth; it is enough to say that *A Great Lie* is one more contribution to the solution of the problem: "What shall I do to be saved?" It is a savage, penetrating little fantasy. The style is epigrammatic, with enough distinction to keep one alert for good phrases. The faults of the book are patent: Mr. Chesson's narrative manner is often willfully involved; he demands more quickness and insight from his readers than an author should; now and then he strains after the unusual, when a more ordinary arrangement of words would better suit his purpose—for he does not yet understand that it is possible to be too clever. And we are in doubt as to the vital importance of several incidents in the book, which, were they removed, would gain by the compression; while, although Mr. Chesson disarms such criticism by his supernatural machinery, we are often mystified by Edmund's rapid intellectual development. Yet with all its shortcomings and disappointments, *A Great Lie* is worth dozens and dozens of the unthinking stories that are published every week. It is a careful, thoughtful work, occasionally touching a high level.

*The Captain of the Parish.* By John Quine. (William Heinemann.)

THERE is no poaching in literature; and so we are here introduced to other Manxmen than those of Mr. Hall Caine. In spite of the inevitable comparisons, Mr. Quine's is by no means a negligible story. His pair of heroines—it would be invidious to particularise, as the reporters say—are such fresh and natural girls, that for their sakes we would forgive many more defects than the book contains. One of these is undoubtedly a little too much of the kail-yard element. In a parochial tale that is, perhaps, difficult to avoid; but Arrosey gossip is certainly over-represented in the book, and the author's device, effective enough at first, of announcing every new arrival or fresh development through the mouth of Juan Paddy, the village mendicant and news disseminator, becomes over-worn by the end of a fairly long volume. There is, too, a curious indefiniteness about the plot, as if the author, Thackeray-like, had let it ramble on till it was absolutely necessary, for purposes of publication, to bring it to a close. At all events, the loves of Ellen, Lizzie, and "Molroy" are distinctly elusive. No one will guess that Ellen is in love with Molroy until she has become engaged to Enos, a very objectionable Latter-day Saint, who takes her to America. Lizzie, on the other hand, seems to be the predestined bride, until she cries off at the very end. The concluding incidents of the tale are decidedly stagey, and, that being so, one regrets that heroic justice is not dealt out to the hypocrite Enos.

*A Rogue's Conscience.* By David Christie Murray. (Downey & Co.)

MR. CHRISTIE MURRAY has by this time many novels on his conscience, and his readers have always found him a vigorous

and entertaining story-teller. In this latest book he tells a tale of robbery and gold-mining, in which aliases, disguises, and betrayals are simply the commonest phenomena. Mr. James Mortimer is an accomplished rogue, who, after a successful career in England and America, is at last swindled himself. This is the turning-point in his life; he realises, so he tells us, the feelings of his victims; and we are left in the cheerful hope that his old age will be spent in refunding stolen moneys. We do not think much of Mr. Christie Murray's psychology, but the interest of his narrative is undeniable. The detective is in fashion at present, so we are treated to a breathless tale of a night escape from London. The plot goes on swimmingly, and the characters are well done in a simple, conventional way. We say "conventional," but there is one exception—a certain Scot, Mr. Alexander Ross, who is strange enough in all conscience. We would humbly point out that "meser-able" and "geven" hardly represent the Northern accent, while "moeralists," "tahnlged," "hoasom," and "rizzonable" may be Choctaw but are not Scots.

*The Birthright.* By Joseph Hocking. (James Bowden.)

MR. HOCKING prefaces his book with a mournful letter to a dedicatee. In this he confesses, hardly with adequate contrition, that he has published seven books in nine years, all of which may be described as "novels with a purpose." He now makes his apology, or, if the way of putting it be preferred, takes his revenge with a good rousing tale of adventure. Jaspas Pennington has been cheated of the estate which was his birthright by a step-grandmother. He is entitled, however, to buy it back, if he can get together half the value by fair means. His adventures while accomplishing this are many and exciting; but for strength as of a Jan Ridd he could not have won through them. He becomes a vagabond, and is pilloried and nearly whipped; he becomes a smuggler and nearly falls into the clutches of the law: he is imprisoned by a jealous rival: he has to fight in a cave for his life, and for a hidden treasure which he has unearthed and which ultimately achieves the winning of the birthright. With all this is interwoven a moderate and reasonable amount of sweetheating. The scene is laid in Cornwall, principally around Kynance Cove; but though Mr. Hocking pays some attention to landscape, he does not in other respects overload his story with local colouring. He has written an unpretending but not uninteresting romance.

*Sindbad, Smith & Co.* By Albert Stearns. (Fisher Unwin.)

To resuscitate Sindbad in America, and send him touring round with a Yankee gamin, is an idea somewhat on the lines of *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. Mark Twain might have made it amusing; Mr. Albert Stearns unhappily has not. The illustrations are worthy of the text.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1897.

No. 1308, New Series.

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## THE WEEK.

## CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

IT is history that leavens the lump this week. Foremost in this kind comes the fifth volume, long expected and desired, of Mr. McCarthy's *A History of Our Own Times*. The first and second volumes appeared, and had a great success, in 1878; the third and fourth followed a little later, and brought the narrative up to the political crisis of 1880, when Mr. Gladstone took the reins of office as Prime Minister. The present volume continues the history of the Queen's reign from that date to these days, when the streets of London are resounding with the hammers of carpenters erecting seats for the Diamond Jubilee procession. It is interesting to see very recent events treated with the gravity which history demands, and to note in the contents table of this volume such chapter-headings as "Mr. Gladstone Resigns, Lord Rosebery Succeeds"—"The Cordite Explosion"—"Venezuela and South Africa"—"The Dongola Campaign"—"The Prince of Wales's Appeal"—and "Blondin; Nansen; The Penrhyn Quarries; The Education Bill." The prominence given to Blondin's name is surprising, but not more so than pleasing.

Older and more recondite events are the subject-matter of another historical work on our table: *Spanish Protestants in the Sixteenth Century*. This book is not so much the production of one author as of a crowd, for we gather from the title-page that it is written by C. A. Wilkens, who is doctor of theology at Kalksburg, near Vienna. It is translated by Mrs. Rachel Challice. The late Lord Plunkett, D.D., has contributed an

introduction, and Canon Fleming brings up the rear with a preface. The translation is an abridgment of the original. Glancing at Canon Fleming's tribute to the late Lord Plunkett, we can hardly repress a smile at the fervour of admiration with which he quotes Dr. Alexander's "most eloquent words on the death of Lord Plunkett in St. Patrick's Cathedral." Dr. Alexander said:

"What a man says—is something:  
What a man does—is more:  
What a man is—that is most."

"I venture to say," writes Canon Fleming, "that no living divine but Dr. Alexander could utter such an aphorism as that—one which I will predict will not die." But surely this is no such wonderful utterance, no such "trinity of wisdom" as Canon Fleming thinks it. The book, when arrived at, is a history of the struggles and sufferings of the Protestant reformers in the sixteenth century, and the narrative opens with the impact of Lutheran thought on religious belief in Spain.

The *Literary History of the American Revolution* is announced to be completed in two volumes, of which the first is before us. In this work the author, Mr. Moses Coit Tyler, turns from the doings of statesmen, generals, party leaders, and certain persons whom he is pleased to call "the ministerial agents of a brain-sick king," to set forth

"the inward history of our Revolution—the history of its ideas, its spiritual moods, its motives, its passions, even of its sportive caprices, and its whims as . . . uttered . . . in the various writings of the two parties of Americans who promoted or resisted that first movement."

Mr. Tyler is professor of American History in Cornell University. We may note, without prejudice, that he describes the words of the Declaration of Independence as "the most commanding and the most pathetic utterance, in any age, in any language, of national grievances and national purposes."

American, though published on this side also, is *The God Idea of the Ancients on Sex in Religion*, by Eliza Burt Gamble, whose aim is "to show the effect which each of the two forces, female and male, has had on the development of our present God-idea." The work is to some extent supplemental to the author's earlier study of the *Evolution of Woman*. Mainly historical are certain papers by Thomas Carlyle, now collected for the first time under the title of *Montaigne, and other Essays*. They include studies of Lady Wortley Montagu, Montesquieu, Nelson, the Netherlands, and the two Pitts. Mr. Crockett, who edits, tells us that these "bread and butter" essays were written at Mainhill in the summer and autumn of 1820. They were contributed to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. The Selden Society publishes a second volume of *Select Pleas in the Court of Admiralty*. A new edition of the late John Addington Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy* is issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

An event of the week is the issue by Messrs. George Bell & Son of the first volume of a new edition of Swift. Since the second issue of Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift, dated 1824, "there has

been no serious attempt to grapple with the difficulties which then prevented, and which still beset, the attainment of a trustworthy and substantially complete text." But material for such a text has been greatly accumulated by such critics as Mr. John Forster, Mr. Henry Craik, Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Elwin, Mr. Courthope, Col. F. Grant, and others. The present editor, Mr. Temple Scott, has availed himself of the results arrived at by all these critics, and he has had not a little direct assistance. The edition has the further advantage of a biographical introduction by Mr. Lecky. Among the contents of the first volume are "A Tale of a Tub," "The Battle of Books," "Thoughts on Various Subjects," and various pamphlets and parodies, including "A Meditation upon a Broomstick." Each work is introduced by a facsimile of the title-page it originally followed. An unfamiliar portrait of Swift as a student at Trinity College, Dublin, forms the frontispiece to this volume.

Most people are aware that Mr. Gladstone has for years been gathering his shorter literary productions into a series of books, entitled *Gleanings of Past Years*. We believe that these volumes have been permitted only a restricted circulation. But it is well known that Mr. Gladstone has long been in the habit of giving a complete set (complete, that is to say, up-to-date) of his *Gleanings* as a wedding present to his marrying friends. The eighth and final volume is now to hand. It is made up of thirteen theological and ecclesiastical papers. We have the famous paper on "Robert Elsmere," and the articles on "Ingersoll and Christianity," "The Lord's Day," and the interesting and important Introduction which Mr. Gladstone contributed to Sheppard's *Pictorial Bible*. The volume concludes with a reprint of Mr. Gladstone's paper on the question of the validity of Anglican Orders which was sent to the newspapers a year ago.

*George Morland's Pictures: Their Present Possessors*, by Ralph Richardson, is an attempt to catalogue, with their whereabouts, the works of George Morland. Mr. Richardson admits, however, that he has not overtaken Morland's industry, and he offers his book as a contribution only to its object.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]

## BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL.

- HEAVEN: AN INQUIRY. By J. Hunt Cooke. Baptist Tract Society. 2s.  
THE SAVIOUR IN THE LIGHT OF THE FIRST CENTURY. By Rev. John Parker. J. G. Hitt (Edinburgh).  
CHRIST IN THE HOLY LAND. By Rev. Alex. A. Boddy. S.P.C.K.  
BOOKS THAT HELP THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. By Rev. H. M. B. Reid, B.D. J. Gardner Hill.

## BIOGRAPHY.

- OLD MEMORIES. By General Sir Hugh Gough, G.C.B., V.C. William Blackwood & Sons.  
NORMAN MACLEOD. ("Famous Scots" Series. By John Wellwood. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.



## HISTORY.

DIOCESAN HISTORIES: LINCOLN. By E. Venables and George C. Petty.—ROCHESTER. By Rev. A. J. Pearman, S.P.C.K.

Selden Society: SELECT PLEAS IN THE COURT OF CHANCERY. Bernard Quaritch.

SPANISH PROTESTANTS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Compiled from the German of C. A. Wilkens. William Heinemann.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES: FROM 1880 TO THE DIAMOND JUBILEE. By Justin McCarthy. Chatto & Windus. 12s.

## POETRY.

MAMMON: A SPIRIT SONG and "LADY" VERE. By Louis M. Elshomus. Eastman Lewis (New York).

THE CHILD OF THE BONDWOMAN. By Jean Carlyle Graham. David Nutt.

## BELLES LETTRES.

THE PROSE WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT. Vol. I., A TALE OF A TUB, &c. With a Biographical Introduction by W. E. H. Lecky, M.P. George Bell & Sons.

MONTAIGNE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Thomas Carlyle. Now first collected. With a Foreword by S. R. Crockett. James Gowans & Son.

THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS: A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS. By Thomas Heywood. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt. D. J. M. Dent & Co. 1s.

## FICTION.

HELDAN'S TREASURE. By Frances Harriott Wood. S.P.C.K. A DRAWING-ROOM CYNIC. By Lorin Kaye. John Macquoen. 6s.

THE WIDOW WOMAN: A CORNISH TALE. By Charles Lee. James Bowden. 2s.

THE PHILADELPHIANS. By A. E. W. Mason. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY MIRACLE. By Louis Zangwill. Chatto & Windus.

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN. By Charles Lever. Downey & Co., Ltd.

THE WINDS OF MARCH. By George Knight. Jarrold & Sons. 6s.

THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT. By G. Firth Scott. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT. By Sarah Doudney. W. H. Addison.

THE MASSABETTES. By Ouida. Third Edition. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 6s.

ROGUES OF THE FIREY CROSS. By S. Walkey. Cassell & Co. 5s.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE. By Richard Harding Davis. William Heinemann.

A FOUNTAIN SEALED. By Walter Besant. Chatto & Windus.

HARVARD STORIES. By W. K. Post. Putnam.

IN THE CRUCIBLE. By Grace Denis Litchfield. Putnam.

LAZARUS. By Lucas Cleeve. Hutchinson.

BRIGHT. By the Hon. Mrs. Walter D. Forbes. Osgood.

STEPHEN LESCOMBE, B.A. By Julius H. Hurst. Putnam.

THE WISDOM OF FOOLS. By Margaret Deland. Longmans.

DRACULA. By Bram Stoker. A. Constable & Co.

REN'S DIARY. By Annie Coates. Chatto & Windus.

DAMON'S WINE CUP, AND OTHER TALES. By Bart Kennedy. Sidney L. Ollif.

THE WICKED WOODS. By Rosa Mulholland. Burns & Oates.

THE REJUVENATION OF MISS SEMAPHORE. By Hal Godfrey. Jarrold & Sons.

SEMPRONIUS. By George Egerton. John Lane.

## TRAVEL.

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS. From a French Point of View. William Heinemann.

## EDUCATIONAL.

CESAR'S GALIC WAR. Book IV. With Notes by John Brown, B.D. Blackie & Son.

BLACKIE'S SCIENCE TEXT-BOOKS: A TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY. By W. Jerome Harrison, F.G.S. Blackie & Son. 3s. 6d.

A SECOND GERMAN COURSE. By H. Baumann. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.

GERMAN STORIES FOR LOWER AND MIDDLE FORMS. By L. de Saumarez Brock. Blackie & Son. 1s. 6d.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

GLEANINGS OF PAST YEARS. Vol. VIII. By Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. John Murray.

GEORGE MORLAND'S PICTURES: THEIR PRESENT POSSESSIONS. By Ralph Richardson, F.R.S.E. Elliot Stock. 4s. 6d.

HOW TO GROW BEGONIAS. By C. A. Farini. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 2s.

MEMORIALS OF CHRISTIE'S. By W. Roberts. 2 vols. George Bell & Sons. 25s.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SPORT. Part IV. Lawrence & Bullen. 2s.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that the task of completing Stevenson's romance *St. Ives* was offered first to Mr. Conan Doyle, who refused it.

THE circular which has just gone forth to 17,000 known admirers of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, not only in Great Britain but in America and the Colonies, carries the memorial to that writer one step farther. It states that a meeting was held in December last, over which Lord Rosebery presided, and that it was then decided to erect a memorial of some kind, but the precise nature of the memorial cannot yet be described. The executive committee call it "a personal memorial, to consist of statue, bust, or medallion, with or without architectural or sculptural accompaniments"—no more. Questions of size, design, and position are held in reserve for the present. Meanwhile small subscriptions are asked, and a first list of subscribers is printed.

PROF. MASSON, who signs the circular, gives the following excellent reasons why Edinburgh should be chosen as the site of the monument, although the exact spot where it will stand is not yet decided upon: "Edinburgh was Stevenson's birthplace; Edinburgh and its neighbourhood are the scene of some of the most powerful parts of his best fictions; Edinburgh characters and traditions are worked into those fictions; it was to Edinburgh that his thoughts reverted most fondly in those wanderings of his over other parts of the earth to which he was compelled by quest of health; Edinburgh was at his heart to the last in his dying days in his island-home at Samoa. But, should it be thought, as it may be, that more than one memorial of Robert Louis Stevenson might well be in existence, is there not some significance in the fact that one other is already provided? While that mountain-top in far-off Samoa which contains his grave will serve for ever, whether by actual sight of it in chance ocean-passage thereabouts by some, or in the mere pictured dream of it by those that shall never see it, to remind future admirers of Stevenson of the large proportion of his life that was spent in wanderings over the earth, and of the habitual commerce of his imagination in so many of his writings with seas, ships, and solitary islands, may not the single proposed monument in Edinburgh suffice for recognition also of that other half of his genius which dealt so delightfully with the life and legends of the British mother-lands and of some neighbouring portions of our older, more historical, and more closely packed world?"

A WRITER in the New York *Critic* comes forward as the champion of Dr. George MacDonald, whom, with unpardonable ignorance of Galt, he calls the founder of the new Scottish school." Speaking of Mr. Barrie, Mr. Crockett and Ian Maclaren, he

says: "The mark of George MacDonald is stamped unmistakably on their best and most distinctive work. Their great ideas are his great ideas, their noble realism, which idealises the realism of the bravery and pathos of humble life in the land of the heather, is his noble realism. Let any fair-minded reader compare *Alec Forbes*, *Robert Falconer* and *David Elginbrod*—the novels into which George MacDonald has put his vision and interpretation of Scotland—with *A Window in Thrums* or *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. The result of the comparison will show clearly who has the most valid claim to the proud title of the founder of the Scottish school of to-day."

THE merits of Dr. MacDonald's work may well be pointed out, but there is little need to compare him with these younger writers. His range is wider and his purpose deeper. He is no more the inspiration of Mr. Barrie than the author of *Cranford* is.

MEANWHILE a new book by Dr. George Macdonald is in preparation by Messrs. Longmans & Co., entitled *Rampolio: Growth on an Old Root*; which contains a Book of Translations Old and New; also a Year's Diary of an Old Soul.

It is a little humorous to find Mr. Crockett introducing Carlyle to the reading public, for sheer "love" of him, and in his efforts falling into Carlylese. Mr. Crockett calls the author of *Sartor Resartus* "him of the burning stomach and the honest, forth-looking, irascible eyes." This description occurs in the preface—that is to say, the "Foreword"—to a collection of biographies contributed by Carlyle to Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. One would like to hear "him of the burning stomach and the honest, forth-looking, irascible eyes" in reply.

IBSEN dissociates himself from Ibsenites rather neatly in the interview with Count Prozor, which is described in the preface to the Count's French translation of *John Gabriel Borkman*. His symbolism, he implied, is principally the work of his commentators: "I do not mean," he said, "that such ideas may not cross my own mind too as I write. But all that is of secondary importance. The great thing in dramatic work is action, life!"

IBSEN'S method of work is described as follows: "I transfer to the stage certain people whom I have observed, certain events which I have seen or which have been related to me—I throw in a little poetry—and that's how it's done." He claims to have seen in real life every character that he has placed on the stage. Count Prozor mentioned the Rat Wife, to which Ibsen replied: "She was a little old woman who used to come to kill rats at the school where I was educated. She carried a little dog in a bag, and there were tales of children who had followed her and fallen into the sea. That was just what I wanted for bringing about the disappearance of Little Eyolf."

At the time of the production by Mr. Wyndham of "Rosemary" the critics were unanimous in considering the last act, wherein Mr. Wyndham appeared as a nonogenarian, an excrescence, but it was left for an American writer to put the situation with real neatness. "Mr. Drew," says the *Chap-Book*, in speaking of the play, "after the curtain had fallen on 'Rosemary,' gives a charming little 'sketch' of an old man, which he calls, somewhat inappropriately, Act IV."

THE existence of "The Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London" is probably unknown to ninety-nine Londoners in a hundred. Nevertheless, it is an influential body doing a most useful work. It has just issued a report, covering the last two years, in which the general objects of the Committee are usefully reiterated. These have been, and are, "to take up certain areas in London, and in them to register and record with drawings, photographs, and other records whatever may be deemed to be of historic or æsthetic interest. The work is not confined to buildings only; any valuable open space, any remnant of an old village green, any beautiful tree, any object of local life or custom that may have a definite external embodiment, or any interesting piece of handicraft, even if it be but a signboard or a wrought-iron gate, comes within the Committee's survey. The aim is to draw attention to these things, and . . . to encourage their maintenance, for public purposes, as national trusts."

THE Committee has already begun publishing operations. It has issued a monograph on the Trinity Hospital, in Mile End, and it has in preparation similar monographs on the Old Palace of Bromley-by-Bow, the Mile End-road (its external life and character), Aldgate Church, and other buildings and places. But the Committee is now ready and keenly desirous of beginning the publication of the Register, the formation of which is its chief care. The first volume, containing the record of some six or eight parishes, is practically completed in MS., together with the illustrations. There is some prospect that the London County Council may assist the Committee in the publication of this Register, for which a sum of £150 is required. This would be satisfactory; and the extension of the work to the whole of London under County Council authority seems to be just foreshadowed. We hope, however, that the Committee will receive a strong accession of members and subscribers. The monographs already referred to are issued free to every active member of the Committee and to all subscribers of £1 a year and upwards. The Committee has hitherto worked mainly on the eastern side of London, but the next area it will take up will be Chelsea.

THE King of the Belgians has just paid a special visit to the British Fine Art Section of the Brussels Exhibition. The King took great interest in the pictures, and discussed the progress of Art in England in recent years. He expressed himself extremely pleased with the collection sent to Brussels

to represent the English School, which he characterised as "superb," and sent a warm message of congratulation by Mr. Spielmann, the honorary secretary, to the Fine Art Committee, and to those who had contributed their pictures.

IF black and white were able to convey a true impression of an oil painting it would be unnecessary to visit the picture galleries at all, so numerous are the books of reproductions. But, fortunately (or unfortunately), they are not, although they serve well to recall to mind the paintings one has seen. Another has just been added to these little process exhibitions by the *Studio*, from whose offices three extra numbers will be published. The first is called *Art at the New Gallery and the New English Art Club*. The reproductions are good.

A LITTLE while ago we announced a work on London which is now in preparation by a poet and an artist. A smaller work, on somewhat similar lines, has just been published by Mr. Elkin Mathews. Its title is *Thames Sonnets and Semblances*. The sonnets are by Miss Margaret Armour, and though none is so fine as Wordsworth's "Westminster Bridge," with which, to some extent, they challenge comparison, they are interesting memorials of moods gathered by the river. The semblances, or, in plainer English, pictures, are by Mr. W. MacDougall, who, in "Morning at Lambeth," Lambeth, and "Looking East from Waterloo Bridge," has been most successful. There is room for such loving treatment of London as is displayed by these collaborators.

IT is so frequently and wrongly stated that Miss Kingsley, the traveller, is a daughter of the late Charles Kingsley, that this lady's true parentage may as well be recorded again. Miss Kingsley is not the daughter, but the niece of the late Charles Kingsley. She is the daughter of George Kingsley.

AFTER completing the *History of the War of 1812*, which will round off his series of books on "Sea Power," and bring the narrative down to the Peace of 1815, Capt. Mahan intends, at the suggestion of his publishers, to prepare a summary of the general subject on the same lines as those observed in the former works, but with a special view to its being used as a class-book in schools and colleges.

PROF. SULLY has revised his monograph on children—*Studies in Childhood*—to bring it more within the popular grasp. He has rewritten some chapters, added others, and introduced many new stories. The result, to be called *Children's Ways*, will virtually be a new work.

THE place of honour in *Cosmopolis* for June and July will be occupied by Mr. Joseph Conrad, the author of *An Outcast of the Islands*, who has written a characteristic two-part story, entitled "An Outpost of Progress." In the French section of the June number M. Bourget continues the tales

of his "Voyageuses," with a sixth, called "Cypres Toscans." This number will also be rich in reminiscences, among which may be mentioned an article by Mr. Felix Moscheles on Mazzini.

DR. SIGERSON has edited and compiled a collection of Irish verse called *Bards of the Gael and Gall*. Dr. Sigerson, who contributes a critical introduction of nearly a hundred pages, declares that "ancient Ireland was the mother of literatures." A photogravure portrait of the blind bard Carolan will accompany the work, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish on May 31.

MESSRS. FRANK HAES and I. ABRAHAMSON are about to publish the photographic reproductions of the illuminated MS. of the *Passover Haggada* in the possession of Lord Crawford. This MS. is not later than the fourteenth century, and is in many ways the finest specimen of its class. Lord Crawford has authorised the publication.

IN response to the demand for a cheaper edition of Butler's *Analogy and Sermons*, edited by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the Clarendon Press is issuing a popular two-volume edition at half a guinea. This will be uniform in style with Mr. Gladstone's *Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Butler*.

MESSRS. MORISON BROTHERS, Glasgow, have for some time had in preparation a new *History of the Cathedral and See of Glasgow*. The subject has hitherto remained without adequate treatment, having been dealt with from time to time only in a partial and tentative manner, and in such essays as M'Lelland's and Pagan's. The new volume is under the general editorship of Mr. Eyre-Todd, and with a view to rendering the work a standard authority on the subject, each feature will be treated by a separate writer.

MESSRS. HORACE MARSHALL & SON have in the press, and will publish early in June, a new literary reading-book, entitled *The Temple Reader*, which has been drawn up in such a manner as to render it serviceable for schools of all descriptions, as well as for home reading. The book has been prepared by Mr. Ernest E. Speight, and an introduction has been contributed by Prof. Edward Dowden, setting forth the aims of the volume and the advantages of an acquaintance with great writers as a most important part of education. Selections will be found from the literature of all times, ranging from Homer and Isaiah to Whitman and Ruskin, and including the chief names in English literature.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. will publish shortly a new novel, entitled *Father Hilarion*, by K. Douglas King, the author of *The Scripture Reader of St. Mark's*. The story depicts the struggle between asceticism and human passion.

MR. JOHN MACQUEEN will publish on June 1 *Cabot's Discovery of North America*, by Mr. G. E. Wear.



## ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXIX.—CHARLES DICKENS.

TO criticise Dickens adversely is easy. It is simple to bring against him, with all the damning proofs in array, the old charges of exaggeration and caricature. We may say again, for the thousandth time, that he did not quite understand the character of the gentleman (a point very interestingly discussed by the late R. L. Stevenson); that his women rarely are ladies; that his mannerisms become tedious; that his plots reek of the footlights; that his pathos is often false. All this is true enough; but when the mass of dross represented by these blemishes is cleared away, what a shining residuum of pure gold remains! What rich humour and lovingkindness, what sympathy and comprehension, what swashing blows against injustice and rapacity, what tender friendship for the poor and weak! What a man to thank God for! And then the opulence of Dickens's inventions, the lavishness of material that was his! It was the fashion in his day for novelists to be copious, but none can approach Dickens in the splendour of his generosity. He gave with both hands, recklessly. He poured forth his riches: he was a very cornucopia of plenty. Compared with one of his full-blooded stories, the most vigorous of our latter day novels is a poor, attenuated, anæmic thing. It may have more of art, it is true; but how much less of magnificent profusion? Dickens never offered his reader anything less than a banquet: the modern novelist asks them to dine frugally *à la carte*. That which he had, Dickens gave nor thought of the morrow. To-day the novelist must keep something in reserve against his next commission.

For comic invention Dickens is never likely to be approached. That is his greatest triumph; verily to have created a new world of men and women, a comic world whose inhabitants are known to us more intimately than most of our real acquaintances. Many a man has passed Lord Salisbury in the street and has not recognised him; but who could meet Mr. Micawber without a sudden thrill of intimacy? Mr. Pickwick would be hailed as a friend in places where Sir Henry Irving's features are unfamiliar. The works of Dickens are a universe in little, in which the wise can instantly find relief from the stern realities of the larger universe in which they move. It is by his comic gifts that Dickens will endure. As years go on it is probable that he will be less and less read for the serious portions of his stories, and more and more for his humour.

The readers of the future will want their Dickens in smaller bulk. Even now it would not surprise us to see the announcement of an edition of the novels in which only the comic scenes were retained: a *Martin Chuzzlewit* pruned of everything but the sayings of Mrs. Gamp, the proceedings in the house of Todgers, and the more creamy of the Pecksniff passages; an *Old Curiosity Shop* in which Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness were the central characters, in place of Little Nell and her Grandfather; a *Dombey and Son* whose interest centres in

the persons of Mr. Toots, Susan Nipper, the Game Chicken, Captain Cuttle, and the MacStingers; a *Bleak House* shorn of the Court of Chancery; and a *Nicholas Nickleby* whose essentials were Dotheboys Hall and John Browdie, Mr. Nickleby and Mr. Vincent Crummies, the Kenwidges and Mr. Lillyvick. *David Copperfield* would probably stay almost as it is, for it has qualities as a story which in most of its companions are lacking: a convincing natural sequence of incident in place of the manufactured mosaic of events and character sketches which compose most the others. *David Copperfield* was so much more Dickens's own story: his invention was less severely taxed; hence *David Copperfield* alone of the Dickens novels can be read again for the story it tells. The others we read again and again, it is true; but we read them for the people in them rather than for the narrative. *Pickwick* also would stand as it was written. *Pickwick* is inviolable. In some future day an Oriental Max Müller will arise to include it in his edition of the sacred books of the West.

Our portrait is a reproduction of a painting made by Ary Scheffer when Dickens was forty-three.

## SOME CHILD-CRITICS OF BROWNING.

## A BOARD SCHOOL EXPERIMENT.

I HAVE before me some essays written by children in the Walworth Board Schools on the life and poetry of Robert Browning. They were prepared for a competition which culminated, less than a fortnight ago, in a distribution of honours, and my knowledge of the matter dates from the brief newspaper report of that ceremony. But it does not end with it. So much of Browning's mind had been hidden from the wise and prudent that it seemed to be worth while to discover how much had been revealed to babes; and I went to Walworth. There I found Mr. F. Herbert Stead in his large office in the Robert Browning Hall in York-street. With its rising shelves of books, its tables covered with papers, and its comfortable chairs for the committee, this room was alone an intimation of the work which Mr. Stead, the Warden of the Hall, and his fellow-workers of the Browning Settlement are carrying on in a dreary district. Mr. Stead spoke of working men who read "Abt Vogler" or "Paracelsus" with him, finding meanings that had escaped himself; of lectures and entertainments, of May Day festivals and summer outings, of Bible study, clubs, flower missions, and of many other agencies by which it is sought to let in light on the dark places of Walworth. And he said that the pivot, the magnet, the ever-useful pretext of it all was Browning's early connexion with the neighbourhood. Born in Camberwell young Browning came for years to worship with his parents in the Congregational Chapel which now, under the name of a hall, bears his name. Does not a placard—which the Warden hopes to convert one day into a marble tablet—point to the old Browning pew? Thanks to the Settlement the humblest folk in Walworth have learned

the name at least of Robert Browning. It is true that many of them begin by taking the "Settlement" for a charitable fund, and coming forward to claim their "share"; but their disillusionment is the beginning of good. And the children?

Mr. Stead explained this development. While taking a holiday in the Lake Country he discovered that the Rydal and Grasmere children are carefully instructed in Wordsworth's life and poetry, each child growing up with some knowledge and love of the poet. Why—he exclaimed to himself—not rear Walworth boys and girls on Browning? The idea dwelt with him, and on his return to Walworth Mr. Stead went round the Board schools and broached his idea to the teachers. "You are bound by the Code," he said, "to give a certain amount of instruction in English literature; why not take up Browning, who was born and bred in Walworth, and in whom, therefore, it will be easy to interest Walworth boys and girls?" The teachers saw the point, and the thing was done. One difficulty, that of expense, had disappeared in the nick of time. A capital selection of Browning's poems had just been included in Mr. W. T. Stead's "Penny Poets," and this became the text-book on which his brother's scheme depended. After many days, or, to be precise, a year, Mr. Stead wished to see if the bread he had cast upon the waters was still bread. He accordingly organised an essay competition, in which a large number of children in the various Walworth Board schools took part. The ages of the children so competing ranged from eleven to thirteen years.

Florence Legge, of the Sayer-street Girls' School, was awarded the prize. An idea of her essay will be gained in the following extracts from it: "Robert Browning," writes Florence,

"... was born on May 7th, 1812, in Southampton-street, Camberwell. He was a handsome, fearless child, with a restless anxiety and a fiery temper. He clamoured for occupation as soon as he could speak. His mother could only keep him quiet by telling him stories (probably Bible stories) while holding him on her knee. He was very fond of animals throughout the whole of his life. He was very fortunate in having good parents. His mother was a Scotchwoman. Thomas Carlyle says that 'she was the type of a true Scottish gentlewoman.' Her son (Robert) said (with the honest pride of a good son) that 'she was divine,' while a gentleman friend of hers says that 'it was like heaven to be near her.'"

Florence's grasp of young Browning's home-life is quite equalled by her appreciation of his poetry.

"The poetry of Robert Browning is very different in style to that of any other English poet. He is very original. His poetry is real, and has entirely a new foundation. Browning's poems are difficult, and require a great deal of thought. . . . This great poet in all his poems teaches us to persevere and never to give up trying. . . . All great poets and writers are sent by God to deliver a message to us, which they do in the pleasant form of either poetry or prose. No poet or author is great unless he in his writings teaches the reader nobler ways of living. Browning, in his poems, teaches us to look after our souls, and not to let them die

away. He teaches us to be cheerful, and to remember 'God's in His heaven, all's right with the world.'

Florence deserved her prize, though, in her very last sentence, she jeopardised it by the statement that Mrs. Browning wrote three verses of poetry about her husband's death!

Nellie Redfern, of the King and Queen-street School, who is only eleven years old, puts down a number of simple facts very clearly and correctly. "The poet," she says, "received some of his finest inspirations while roaming through the Dulwich Woods."

A. Hollyman, who goes to school in Southampton-street, says that the poet "was a patriot of his country, and a great admirer of Italy for its arts." He also states that "Robert received some of his finest inspirations whilst roaming through the Dulwich Woods."

At the same school Edith Isard is studying the poet. She writes:

"We ought to be proud of having such a noble and clever man born in this district."

That is exactly what Mr. Stead wants every Walworth boy and girl to feel. Edith is strong on the local Browning; she says that the poet "loved to wander through the Dulwich Woods, where he composed several of his poems."

James Rawlings, of Victory-place School, fills in the story of Browning's boyhood with this interesting information:

"He was a very shy boy, and had been seen to run away and hide himself when he was not quite dressed. He always refused to drink his medicine unless he was bribed by a newt or a frog which was picked out of the strawberry bed in his garden."

Master Rawlings hardly touches on the grown-up Browning, but he, too, tells us that "some of his finest thoughts were received whilst roaming in the Dulwich Woods."

"'God's in His heaven, all's right with the world,' sang the poor mill-girl, and Browning truly believed this to the end of his life," writes Nita Laurie Drake, also of Victory-place School, Standard VII.; and she adds: "It was while walking through the fields and leafy lanes of Dulwich that many of his best ideas came into his mind." Browning's child-critics are doing more to bring out this fact than all the Browning Societies put together. W. W.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

"WHAT HAST HERE? BALLADS?"

IT was in Endell-street that I asked, in a less Elizabethan form, the Clown's question to Autolycus. Endell-street is one of those curious nondescript streets which seem to exist to accommodate special buildings, shops, institutions. These streets repair the omissions of the district around them. They are not necessarily dedicated to lumber, but there is usually a lumber-room flavour about them. They are always interesting. You know Endell-street? It is almost, but not quite, in a line with Bow-street.

A little shop on the left side of the street, as you go north, has ere now

attracted your eye by the display of old ballads which it makes in its window. Not old ballads only; for if you have an eye for shops and their meanings you must have smiled as you surveyed the stock which is here offered to the less affluent inhabitants of St. Giles's parish. It is a veritable village shop set down in the core of London. Here in little wire brackets eggs are peeping out among newspapers. Groceries, toys, and Eccles cakes mingle with penny fiction. Penny food and penny condiments dot the shelves, tiny bottles of sauce (the glory of a single dinner), and French capers, whatever they may be, in tiny quantities. Also there are pens and pencils, and stationery, and almanacs, and sweets for the youngsters; not town sweets, but sweets fit for a plough boy; none of your evanescent sugars, but great pebbly lolipops that require negotiating, aniseed bouncers, for instance, but—the Ballads!

The good woman of the shop was ladling a pint of milk out of a great basin on the counter for a little girl, when I hinted that she had some old songs.

"Plenty," she said, and suspended the milk transaction to dump an irregular bundle of them, tied with old string, on the counter. They were a strange lot. They exhaled early Victorian jest and romance. I took them much as they came. The very top ballad of the bundle was sufficiently quaint. It was printed as a small broadside, with a large woodcut of a coach filled with the beaux and belles of fifty years ago. There were five beaux and five belles, the beaux all one side of the coach and the women on the other, all dressed alike, and sitting bolt upright without a sign that they were conscious of each other's presence. "Pleasure and Relaxation" was the title, and the merry thing opened with this verse:

"Oh, pomp and state bring nought but woe.  
List to my song, and I will show  
That all the high, as well as low,  
Love pleasure and relaxation."

"The Duke of Wellington met one day  
Sir Robert Peel, and said: 'I say,  
I'm glad you, Bob, have come in my way,  
To go to Greenwich fair so gay.'  
Said Bob: 'Why, Arthur, just like you,  
With long debates my brain's askew,  
And so I don't care if I do,  
For pleasure and relaxation.'  
Oh, pomp, &c."

The Duke and Sir Robert did not go alone, for, by a happy accident:

"They had only got to Parliament Street  
When Lord Broom they chanced to meet,  
And he agreed to join the treat,  
For pleasure and relaxation.  
They got in a cart—began to joke—  
Wellington with a short did smoke,  
Which did Sir Robert much provoke.  
'You're not in a campaign now,' said Peel,  
'Though there you had smoke—a very great deal.  
You should take a segar—'tis more genteel,  
For pleasure and relaxation.'  
Oh, pomp, &c."

How they went to Greenwich Fair—picking up Dan O'Connell and Joseph Hume on the way—how they "talked to the pretty girls fair and dark," and "did regale," aye, and danced, you shall know in Endell-street for

a halfpenny. Hume didn't dance, but made a speech—"for pleasure and relaxation."

"And as his noise he would not cease,  
And not for nobody keep the peace,  
In walk'd some of the new police,  
And walk'd him off without release;  
Whilst Wellington hit out left and right,  
Dan O'Connell slunk out of sight,  
And said as he went 'I never fight.'"

There were more happenings, but another effusion had caught n. eye. It was "Sammy Slap the Bill Sticker." Sammy puts into rhyme his pride of calling, and enumerates his achievements to the chorus of

"With my paste, paste, paste,  
All the world is puffing, so I paste, paste, paste."

And there do not seem to have been many places where Sammy could not "paste, paste, paste."

"Round Nelson's Statty, Charing Cross, when  
anything's the go, sirs,  
You'll always find me at my post, a-sticking  
up the posters.  
I've hung Macready twelve feet high, and  
tho' it may seem funny,  
Day after day against the walls I've plastered  
Mrs. Honey

With my paste, &c.

"In search of houses old and new I'm always  
on the caper,  
And wery kindly gives 'em all a coat or two  
of paper;  
I think I've kiver'd all the walls round  
London, though I preach it,  
If they'd let me kiver old St. Paul's so help  
me bob, I'd reach it.

With my paste, &c."

What a trial Sammy would have been to the Kyrle Society!

Customers still came in to buy small articles and prolong my leisure. I glanced through an old ballad called "The Comic Divan." For Divan read Museum. You have paid your penny and had your peep. Well?

"Did you e'er see the Lord Mayor sup on  
a mutton chop?  
Did you e'r see a bull row a boat, Sirs?  
Did you e'r see a Minister spinning a top,  
Or Lord Brougham a-turning his coat, Sirs?  
"Did you e'er see St. Paul's in a new pair of  
shoes,  
Or a married man given to roam, Sirs?  
Did you e'er see a donkey when reading the  
news,  
Or Lord Melbourne dining at home, Sirs?  
"Did you e'er see Wellington roasting a duck,  
Or blind people leading the blind, Sirs?  
Did you e'er see a Jew who was drawing  
a truck,  
And a Quaker a-pushing behind, Sirs?"

It was a good-sized bundle of ballads that I at last stuffed into my pocket. "Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you have a sale for these old-fashioned things?"

"Ah—old-fashioned—that's just it, sir. Yes, we have."

"Well, but who round here wants these ballads in preference to the latest music-hall songs?"

"Plenty, sir. Why, we have folks coming miles and miles for them. They will have 'em. We've had to send them to all parts of the world, and Hong Kong. People out abroad get writing to their friends: 'Will



you get me that good old song?—whatever it is—something they used to hear when they were boys and girls in the old country, I guess; and, believe me, sir, their relations come miles to get 'em what they want."

"And who else buys?"

"Well, the clergy come and turn 'em over a lot."

"And do you see people who are really attached to these songs?"

"Attached! You've hit it, sir. Why, last evening I had a man in, a real white-haired old gentleman, with a hacking cough, and he wanted a song called 'The Big Meat Pie.' I never heard of it, and he looked for it a long, long time, but it wasn't there. 'The Big Meat Pie' was the title of it, sir, but I told him I never heard of it. He was disappointed. Daressay he did want it."

## ART.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ART AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

"**D**RAMATIC Art" (the rather ill-chosen description of the pictorial illustration of dramatic art) is, generally speaking, deplorable. It is all most interesting—as precious as an old play-bill, and with more to tell; but as *art* it sounds the depths of one of the most desperate of the many decadences that the history of painting and design have undergone. The downfall of everything in the first of the dark ages, and the childishness without a future that made strange paltry old age of the world before Christian art grew really young with Cimabue, was hardly a stranger sequel to the art of antiquity than the illustrations of the early century were to the art of Reynolds and Gainsborough. There are many savage nations that have more spirit and sense of design, more promise, and more observation, than England had in those days that were so near to her triumphs. Illustrations and current sketches of popular drama were not, we are well aware, practised by the painters of whom the country was like to boast; but all the more is such work a sign of the state of the general feeling and general criticism. The penny fan is not decorated by an artist of whom Japan makes much, but we take it as a national sign. There are extant little books giving portraits of the actors and actresses of 1825 and onwards, and nothing quite so bad is to be found among the uncivilised. Gross drawing, stupid feeling, the incapacity for character or beauty or humour, though there is an incessant illusion that what will pass for prettiness has been captured, and that what may be taken for fun abounds; these are only a few of the marks of English ordinary illustrations and character-portraits at one time of the nineteenth century. A great quantity of this art has been collected at the Grafton Gallery, and it is the most curious and distinctive part of the exhibition.

With regard to the serious art on view there, some few of the dramatic portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds give a high note, but it is not sustained. It is evident that the

inevitable difficulties of a loan exhibition have hampered the collection over much; but where a famous picture was not to be had, shift has been made to show an engraving or a coloured sketch copy. In one way and another, and with the help of a great number of odds and ends, the exhibition has been made a delightful one, and old playgoers may remember their youth there and their fathers' stories of a youth before theirs. The exception to these records is perhaps Macready. There are two or three portraits—minor ones—of Macready, but there is little or nothing in the way of evidence as to what Macready did on the scene before he ran off and knocked people down in the wings on his way to his dressing-room. Macready filled the stage, if not in our fathers' eyes, in those of their fathers, and we are as credulous about him as children. We are not children in regard to Edmund Kean, nor in regard to Mrs. Siddons or to Garrick, for of these we have read and not heard.

Doubtless a man's contemporaries are important to him. But for Sir Joshua Reynolds we should never have had a glimpse of Garrick's eyes. For Zoffany, who painted him again and again, has rescued nothing of their fire. Nor would it be easy to imagine a more insignificant Macbeth than David makes in the large grasp of Mrs. Pritchard as Lady Macbeth (in the picture lent by Messrs. Colnaghi). And the famous Garrick of Hogarth, shown here by Lord Londonderry, is quite undramatic. This is the well-known sloping figure of Richard III. waking from his dream in camp; the accessories—especially the erected crucifix—slope in the same direction; Richard's hand is inexpressively thrust out; and, altogether, the composition, if one may say so of Hogarth, lacks a grip of the ground, and the expression does not go very far. The best Garrick portraits are the well-known Gainsborough, which shows the actor with his arm round Shakespeare's bust—the property of the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon—and Lord Sackville's picture, in which Garrick is sitting over a prologue with the look of intelligence—not intellect—full in his vivid face. The "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy" is represented by a copy. Of Mrs. Peg Woffington we get no very charming impression. All the portraits here and at the National Portrait Gallery agree in their report of a rather bleak, bald face, hard and unchangeable. Of Mrs. Abington we get all the presence and personality in Sir Joshua's beautiful picture (lent by Mrs. Hollins), showing the round, blunt features, very far from common and very far from dull. But no actress makes a better figure than Miss Mellon (Duchess of St. Albans) in Mr. Pawle's picture by Romney. Without rich and generous beauty Romney seems to have painted no woman, but to Miss Mellon he has given the character of her own fine and peculiarly well-contented face. "Mrs. Michael Angelo Taylor as Miranda," painted by Hoppner (Lord Londonderry), looks at the first glance like a fine Shannon; even in the refined devices of colour—the delicate blue in the powder-grey hair—some picture of Mr. Shannon's seems to be strongly recalled.

One of the loveliest of all Gainsborough portraits is the "Miss Linley (Mrs. Sheridan) and Her Brother," which the owner, Lord Sackville, has allowed to be seen more than once of late. Nathaniel Dance has painted the same beauty with her husband and child; this is not a fine picture, but it is interesting. The lenders are Messrs. Turner and Horsley. Actresses of our own day have been much less lucky as the sitters of Mr. Long, Mr. Sant, and Mr. Collier. Nor was Mme. Vestris fortunate whom Sir Thomas Lawrence sentimentalised. At the head of the pictures of our time stand easily Mr. Whistler's "Sir Henry Irving as Philip," Mr. Sargent's "Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth," the curiously characteristic and delicately coloured "Coquelin Cadet" of M. Dagnan Bouveret, that very well-known and brilliantly simple piece of work, "M. Coquelin as Don César de Bazan," Mr. Shannon's sensitive and charming monochrome of "Joseph Hoffman" in profile at the piano, and his seated full-face of "M. Hollman," of which the glass allows us to see not much except the large masses of the painting of the head and hair and the action of the expressive hands at the violoncello. Mr. Herman Herkomer's portrait of "Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Gringoire" is an outbreak of energy that would merit to be called violent but for the real sweep of gesture; at any rate, it nearly takes the unprepared spectator off his feet, and that is more than one asks even of "dramatic art." Mr. Herman Herkomer is a painter of talent, and his work is far from vulgar; which cannot be said of some too conspicuous full-lengths near at hand, painted as no man untrained and untaught could paint them, but as cheap, after all is done, as an image in a very common kind of looking-glass.

It is not among these Academy pictures, but in the further gallery, among the cases of autographs and the intrinsically valueless old sketches and illustrations, that most time is spent. Here you may see how exceedingly foolish the great Liston would have been if he had acted as he seemed to a contemporary artist to act, how entirely undramatic everyone on the stage appears drawn by the cleverest hands of the time, how vulgar Taglioni, how dreary the beauty, how dull the comedian, how lifeless the group in action, and how hideous a Vestris can be if a George Cruikshank should get hold of her. It is not "art" that makes the relic; and, after the grotesque grimaces on the walls, it is a pleasure to turn to the autographs, locks of hair, and cuffs of lace in the cases. "Admit two to the boxes" in Garrick's handwriting attempts no art, nor does the play-bill of the first performance of "A School for Scandal." A long letter of Edmund Kean's shows a hand impetuous enough to satisfy the experts in handwriting. The truth is, that character is written out at full in every letter, but that there is no one in the world who can read it. "Every line has its spirit." In the beautiful hand of Charles Dickens is a letter describing, in the usual tone of too much vivacity, how he cheered up Macready with a little acting in the sick

room. Charles Dickens also describes his impression of the beauty of Miss Kate Terry's acting. The little green shoes of Miss O'Neill are here, and here the announcement, in 1812, that Mrs. Siddons would play no more, and the play-bill, in 1819, of what was in fact her last appearance. Perhaps the royal playbills, "printed on satin with bullion fringe," of recent and not illustrious plays might have been omitted. But the directors of this amusing exhibition are to be congratulated not so much on their selection as on the wise impartiality with which they have collected. There is nothing connected with the theatre that does not gain some charm from mere time—which may make amends for the dulness of the present.

A. M.

## DRAMA.

ALTHOUGH Shakespeare is never long out of the bills, there may be something a little forced or fictitious in his present outbreak at the West-end theatres. The great Shakespearean characters are a standard to which the popular actor finds it convenient to resort from time to time to measure his artistic stature, to assure himself and perhaps his admirers that all is well with him, that his popularity has a substantial basis, and so on. Certain fossil plays like "The Hunchback" owe their occasional appearance to no other reason than that they enable a modern *débütante* to tread in the very footsteps of a Helen Faucit. Accordingly there is no need to look for a commercial explanation of Mr. Wilson Barrett's production of "Othello" for his last week's occupancy of the Lyric Theatre, or for Miss Janet Achurch's sudden transition from Ibsen to "Antony and Cleopatra." The demand for such revivals comes not from without, but from within, the theatre. Doubtless Mr. Ben Greet's season at the Olympic is an exception. It is an honest attempt to see whether Shakespeare will take at popular prices without "stars," without mounting, without music, without "editing," without new readings, without any of the artificial props and stays by which he is wont to be sustained at the Lyceum and other fashionable theatres. He has not always so taken. He "spelt ruin" to a famous management at Drury Lane. But every now and again the public conscience re-awakens with regard to the "national bard," as it pleases the profession to call him, and in that happy circumstance Mr. Ben Greet's enterprise may find its reward. They have also been playing "The Merchant of Venice," I see, with much acceptance, at the Novelty, which, of course, is only topographically speaking a West-end theatre. Apropos of this, a captious critic notes that when the music sounded to enable Bassanio to make a swan-like end, the band played "Onward, Christian soldiers." I was not there, but I am quite prepared to learn that this music produced the desired effect. Why not? It is no more modern than the accent and manner of the performers themselves, whose un-Venetian quality, even at the best theatres, never

disturbs the erudite observer. Truly a great deal of nonsense is talked and written about place and period in the drama. What *did* they play in Venice in the fifteenth century as an intermezzo? And supposing that to be ascertainable, how would it appeal to a Cockney public in Great Queen-street?

Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Othello," like his "Virginus," is sufficiently strong and original to stand him, professionally, in good stead. He would not be the ambitious actor-manager that he is if he did not attempt something that the genius of Garrick, Kean, Macready, Fechter and the rest never dreamt of. If Sir Henry Irving as Iago can pick his teeth with his dagger, surely it is permissible in a brand-new Othello to destroy the popular delusion that Desdemona was smothered with a pillow! Mr. Wilson Barrett teaches us that the Moor finished off his luckless spouse with a dagger. Over Desdemona's end there hangs a certain amount of obscurity which is always admitted, on the stage, by its being compassed behind a curtain. The known fact is, that Othello visits his wife's bed-chamber with murder in his heart. Would he, therefore, come armed? Probably. And if so, what more natural than that his chosen weapon should be a dagger? Assuredly Desdemona, although apprehensive, sees no weapon. That her language attests. Then Othello's first onset is ineffectual, since Desdemona after a short pause gives signs of life—a circumstance favourable to the suffocation or choking theory. It is at this point that Mr. Barrett's novel interpretation comes in. Hearing his lady's groans, the new Othello resolves to put her out of pain, and *flashing his dagger* he again passes behind the fatal curtain. Nothing more natural, I repeat, than this business with the dagger, except that Desdemona, still not dead, after a pause, calls out again. "Stifling" or "smothering," according to the stage directions, which vary in the different editions, might be a doubtful sort of death, whereas a dagger in the practised hand of the Moor, and with his impelling vigour of jealousy, ought to be sure and swift. Up to this point the presumption is rather against the dagger. But then, Othello, being about to kill himself, speaks of having "another weapon" handy—a Spanish sword, which he forthwith produces, the dagger, we may suppose, being left sticking in Desdemona's bosom. On the whole, this dagger theory is plausible enough, especially as it does not in the least matter to the dramatic value of the play how the misjudged heroine meets her death.

Two more innovations in the performance call for notice: Mr. Barrett's Othello has a "counterfeit presentment" of Desdemona—in other words, an excellent portrait of Miss Maud Jeffries as Desdemona, to which he addresses himself in his paroxysms of love and jealousy, and which, in one vehement passage, he is on the point of slashing with his dagger. This is a piece of "business" that strikes me as lacking in sincerity. Would a jealous husband rave and gesticulate before his wife's portrait? Not, I fancy, unless, like Mr. Barrett's Othello, he

were on the stage. The fond lover might certainly caress a portrait of the loved one; but in a fume, would his fancy play round it to the same extent? Hardly. There is more to be said for lightening Othello's complexion, as Mr. Barrett does, from the coal-black of the Christy Minstrel, which is the traditional hue of the Moor of Venice, to a chocolate brown. I am one of those who shudder at the thought of so fair and gentle a creature as Desdemona suffering the embraces of a blackamoor. I have never tolerated the negro Othello, whom so excellent a critic as the German Schlegel believed to be intended by Shakespeare. And this not on Desdemona's account alone. Would they have tolerated a negro generalissimo of the forces in Venice? Othello ought to be a shade or two darker than his fellow-officers, but we need not suppose him to be swarthier than a Saracen of the North of Africa, the hero of the tale upon which the play is founded; and this would justify the complexion adopted by Mr. Barrett. In dressing the Moor very simply, again, Mr. Barrett seems to me to be commendably rational. Lord Beaconsfield in one of his novels suggests that Othello's costume ought to be that of a Venetian magnifico of the fifteenth century, and this is also Sir Henry Irving's idea. But, for my part, I find a blaze of colour disturbing to the human interest of the character, while the Oriental draperies affected by the tradition-bound actor are certainly wrong, making of Othello, as they do, a sort of Bluebeard.

On its spiritual or moral side the embodiment is naturally limited by the actor's means—that is, by conditions of physique, manner, voice. It is always so; and that is why we have as many Othellos as there are actors essaying the part, and why they all differ from the critic's own particular Othello, which he, poor man, sets up as the best. Mr. Barrett's Othello is the lithe, active, excitable Southerner, with no sort of ponderosity about him. I have seen his prototype walking about in the streets of Seville and Granada, where after two centuries of incubation the Moorish blood is still strong. This rendering of the character gives us human interest, though it precludes greatness. The "calmness and grandeur" which the higher criticism has assigned to Othello in certain moods are difficult to attain in practice. Edmund Kean himself failed in Hazlitt's opinion to rise to the sublimest heights, and it need not be a reproach to Mr. Barrett that he has not done so. After all, tenderness is, in the main, a question of voice, accent, intonation; and nervousness is apt to rob an actor of his best effects in that respect on a first night. I have no doubt but that Mr. Barrett played Othello better in his study than he did on the boards, and that he has a still better conception of the part than he has been able to set before us, excellent as that is in the practical workaday aspect of human nature. The Iago of the cast is Mr. McLeay, a young American actor of marked ability in "character" parts. He gives us a dainty, mincing, elegant, dandified Iago, who appears to be actuated less by a deep fiendish hate than by a sort of feminine spitefulness.



I do not care for Miss Achurch's Cleopatra. It has been said that the Ibsen drama makes commonplace actors great. I am afraid it also spoils them for any other class of work, including the best. Miss Elizabeth Robins was a very useful actress in a general way until she took to Ibsen; and Miss Achurch is going the same road. The staccato utterance, the "pig's whisper," the soulful stare go very well with Ibsen. In Shakespeare, who is all nature and common sense, they put one out. J. F. N.

## SCIENCE.

SCIENCE, as well as art, has suffered by the death of Sir A. W. Franks; and the nation has lost one of its most laborious and generous servants, as the long rows of admirably arranged cases in the British Museum show, with the ever-recurring label, "Franks Collection." On one occasion, it is related, when Sir A. W. Franks particularly wished the Government to effect purchases for the museum he loved so well, he offered to present works of art up to the value of what they expended. The anecdote has an unpleasant side to it. It shows how mean and parsimonious the Government is, in the eyes of those who are responsible for our art treasures, if such a bribe is necessary in order to induce it to spend money.

SIR A. W. FRANKS developed early in life the taste for mediæval antiquities on which he was such an authority. His own collections included rings, porcelain, pottery, enamels, Japanese and Chinese works of art, drinking vessels, gold ornaments, prehistoric relics and bookplates. The latter formed probably his latest love, and though he himself is credited with the finest collection in England, he has done much to foster one of the silliest crazes extant, poster-collecting always barred. In addition to the extensive and valuable contributions which Sir A. W. Franks continually made to the department of the museum under his charge, he had a talent for organisation which it will be difficult again to match. The rapidity with which he could arrange a new gallery was phenomenal, and once done it was complete in every detail, not needing to be revised and altered at intervals. The outside public, which is given to troubling on small pretext and addicted to silly questions, stood much in awe of Sir Wollaston Franks, who worked devotedly in its interests, but objected to come into personal contact with it.

A NEW exhibition of Silchester remains has just been opened at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, in Burlington House, representing the past season's excavations. A large number of interesting objects is to be seen, among other things some iron collars which were found laid in a cutting, and which had evidently formed the joints of a wooden conduit. A similar discovery was made more than a century ago in France, at a place called Chatelet, where an old Roman town had existed. Otherwise,

this form of conduit is probably unique so far as present excavations have gone.

DETAILED announcements are now being made with reference to the forthcoming meeting of the British Association at Toronto. Canada itself is making special efforts to act up to the occasion, which it properly regards as a compliment paid by the mother country. Many American societies have also fixed to have their summer meetings in or near Canada, so as to allow of their members joining the British Association afterwards. The Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen will hold a reception for the members of the Association, and a public banquet will be given in honour of Lord Kelvin, Lord Lister the President, and Sir John Evans the President-Elect of the Association. Among the excursions will, of course, be one to Niagara, under the direction of Mr. G. K. Gilbert, of the U.S. Survey, and other places of interest which will be visited are the Muskoka Lakes, the Don Valley, with its remarkable geological formations, and Scarborough Heights, famous for fossil beds. The Canadian Pacific Railway have arranged to convey members to and from the Pacific coast at an extremely moderate rate. A handbook containing full information on the country and its resources will shortly be published.

THE Friday evening discourses at the Royal Institution afford a curious meeting-ground for science and fashion, the combination dating from the birth of the Institution, and carrying on the tradition which was started by its founder, Count Rumford. On Friday last an unusual number of people assembled to hear Lord Kelvin lecture on "Contact Electricity," a treat not often accorded nowadays—except in connexion with patent cases. Lord Kelvin's theme was a glorification of Volta, whose early experiments on the electrical charge produced when two dissimilar metals are brought into contact and then separated were, he said, both correct and correctly explained. The text-books had since done their best to stultify Volta by giving all sorts of absurd explanations of the phenomenon. Lord Kelvin also showed some photographs taken with the fluorescent light given off by uranium, and described some of the properties of this metal, which formed an interesting study in the hands of the late M. Becquerel.

H. C. M.

## MUSIC.

### OPERA AND CONCERTS.

SATURDAY was the first great night at the opera house. Lohengrin was performed under the direction of Mr. Anton Seidl, and with an exceptionally fine cast. It is usual to speak of the conductor last, but I must mention him first. Mr. Seidl has not appeared in London since—many seasons ago—he conducted the Ring des Nibelungen at the old, Her Majesty's, theatre. He was

then well versed in Wagner's music; time and experience have, however, matured his gifts. He displays life, vigour, and marked intelligence; his beat is firm and clear; and he knows how to make his presence felt in the orchestra and on the stage. This is not the moment to compare him with other conductors who have made special study of Wagner; for the present it is sufficient to know that when he is at the head of the orchestra the Bayreuth master's music will be in good hands. Miss Eames sang well, and her acting, if not ideal, was certainly better than usual; the company by which she was surrounded probably exercised a stimulating influence over her. Miss Marie Brema's impersonation of Ortrud was exceedingly fine. Her declamation is powerful, her facial movements are most expressive, and her gestures always appropriate. The art may not always be perfectly concealed, but her natural gifts are great, and she will rise still higher. M. J. de Reske made his first appearance this season; he was in splendid voice, and achieved a brilliant success; his brother, as the king, was dignified as actor and impressive as singer. Mr. David Bispham impersonated Telramund with force and wonderful touches of realism; he must have made a deep study of the part.

MR. EUGEN D'ALBERT played last week at the Philharmonic a Concerto of his own composition, one which had already been heard at the Crystal Palace. This Concerto is not so dry as the Sonata of which I spoke last week, but the music leaves a very vague impression; and, curiously, so far as the solo part is concerned, it is certainly not highly effective. The pianist, however, afterwards performed Weber's Concertstück in F minor and major, and in this comparatively short piece he had a fine opportunity for displaying all his best qualities: there was delicacy without effeminacy, vigour without harshness, and intellect tempered by emotion. A truly magnificent rendering was, however, marred by a few virtuosic additions to Weber's text. If there was any gain in effect—which I much doubt—it was obtained by unlawful means. M. d'Albert is certainly one of the greatest pianists of the day; and he ought therefore to set a better example.

On the following afternoon he gave his second and last recital at St. James's Hall, when he played Beethoven's last two Sonatas (Op. 110 and Op. 111). His reading of both works was admirable, although I must confess I should have liked greater tenderness in the closing page of the C Minor, a Sonata, by the way, which sets one thinking of "The Tempest" almost as much as Op. 57.

THE programme of the first Richter concert last Monday included a Symphonic Poem by the young Capellmeister Richard Strauss, whose music has attracted considerable attention in his own country and abroad. As in his former tone-poems, so in the present one, entitled "Don Juan," the composer indicates the source whence he sought inspiration. The music is intended to illustrate a dramatic poem by Lenau.

No detailed programme, however is given, so that it must be judged from an abstract point of view. Some of the thematic material, if not strikingly original, is undoubtedly interesting, and the workmanship and orchestral treatment are, as one might expect, of a high order. But the work leaves one cold. It is scarcely fair to sum up new music after a first hearing, yet there is no harm in recording first impressions. This, indeed, is part of a critic's work; another part is to acknowledge any modification of opinion which he may experience later on. So far as I am acquainted with the music of Strauss, I feel that the manner is better than the matter.

The Tchaikowsky Pathetic Symphony—which, unfortunately for the novelty, was placed before it—was interpreted by Richter with his accustomed skill and earnestness; and again the work exerted its great power. During the second movement Richter ceased to conduct. It was a curious experiment, but it is to be hoped that conductors of lesser fame will not imitate him. Richter's men can be guided by eye as well as arm; the conductor always looks at his men, and they at him.

On Tuesday evening Saint-Saëns' third Violin Concerto was played at the Queen's Hall, and half an hour later at St. James's Hall. The first violinist was M. Emile Sauret, who interpreted the music with the skill and perfection of a master for whom difficulties have ceased to exist, and with the lightness and charm which it so imperatively demands. Miss Irma Sethe, the second interpreter, also displayed skill; she is, however, at the outset of her artistic career, and many excellent qualities which she possesses have not, as yet, been raised to their highest power. Then, too, she is, I am happy to say, exceedingly earnest, and the Concerto, a clever and often effective work, must not be taken too seriously. M. Sauret seemed to leave the music to speak for itself, Miss Sethe to be trying to get more out of it than was actually in it. German music at present suits her better than French; she is attracted by the subjective rather than by the ornamental.

MME. BLANCHE MARCHESI came, sang, and conquered. There may be points in her reading of this or that song with which one does not agree, but her pure singing, her fine declamation, her simplicity, her earnestness carry all before them. Whatever she sings is sure to give pleasure, though, of course, the finer the song the greater that pleasure. The way in which she adapts herself to various kinds of music is quite astonishing. She can interpret the light, graceful, or even humorous; also music which demands pathos and passion; it is, however, in the latter kind that I admire her most. At her first recital, on May 14, her programme was excellent, far better, indeed, than the one she gave the following week. Mme. Marchesi seems particularly fond of French songs, but her first selection was more effective than the second. "Le Rêve de Jésus," by Mme. P. Viardot, begins well, though it becomes melodramatic and weak. The Marie Antoinette

song likewise did not prove attractive. Then in the matter of variety the second programme left, as the French say, something to desire. I am writing frankly, for with such an accomplished vocalist it seems a pity that the programmes should not be of the best. Could not Mme. Marchesi give us more of Schubert and Brahms? Herr Bramsen, a clever performer on the violoncello, played solos at both concerts, yet they did not offer the right relief.

Mr. Bird displayed great ability at the pianoforte, and Mme. Marchesi must be glad to have such support. In many items of the two programmes his task was something more than mere accompanying.

J. S. S.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FATHER OF THE PIANOFORTE.

London: May 22.

In the south walk of the beautiful old cloisters of Westminster Abbey there is a simple gravestone lying flat on the ground, bearing the following memorable inscription:

"Muzio Clementi,  
called  
the Father of the Pianoforte;  
his fame as a musician  
and composer  
acknowledged throughout Europe  
procured him the honour  
of a public interment  
in this cloister.  
Born at Rome 1752.  
Died at Evesham 1832."

This tomb, which ought to be held dear and sacred by every true musician, and which I myself have reverentially visited on countless occasions, has now become so worn and dilapidated that it is with difficulty that one can decipher the inscription which I have just quoted. A complete renovation of this plain slab covering the remains of the immortal Muzio Clementi is therefore urgently needed, and I trust that the restoration may be taken in hand by the Westminster Abbey authorities without further delay.

ALGERNON ASHTON,

SHELLEY'S PORTRAITS.

Paris: May 24.

It would be of some interest to admirers of Shelley to know whether the portrait of the poet published in the last issue of the ACADEMY is that mentioned by Trelawny in his *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron* as by Chint. The exquisite lithographic copy by Vintner of Clint's portrait in the volume before me does not coincide in every detail with the drawing photographed by H. H. Hay Cameron, but the general impression obtained from each is the same. As Trelawny says, Shelley never sat to a professional artist: "In 1819, at Rome, a daughter of the celebrated Curran began a portrait of him in oil, which she never finished, and left in an almost flat and inanimate state. In 1821 or 1822, his friend Williams made a spirited water-colour drawing, which gave a very good idea of the poet. Out of these materials Mrs. Williams, on her return to England after the death of Shelley, got Clint to compose a portrait, which the few who knew Shelley in the last year of his life thought very like him. The water-colour drawing has been lost, so that the portrait done by Clint is the only one of any value." Trelawny adds that Vintner's copy of Clint's portrait is published for the first time in the *Recollections*—namely, in 1858.

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